

My  
Twenty-Three Years  
Experience  
as a  
Detective

By  
G. W. McNUTT

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020282848



Class HV 7914

Book .M 24

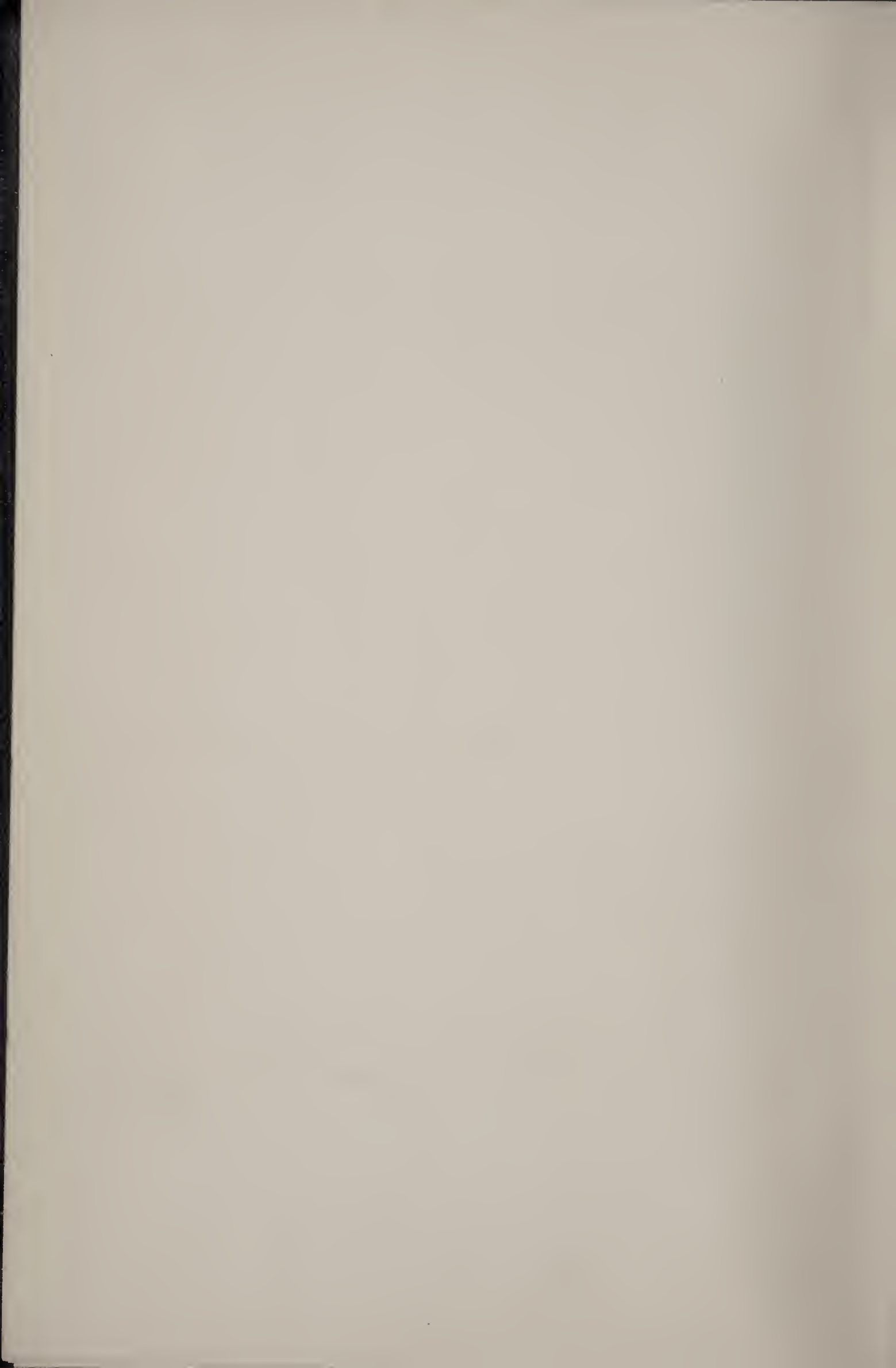
Copyright N<sup>o</sup>                     

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

















My Twenty-Three Years  
Experience as a  
Detective

1923

BY

G. W. McNUTT

*Ex-Chief of Detectives of Des Moines, Iowa  
Also Ex-Chief of the Wallace and  
Hagenback Circus*

HV 7914  
M 24

---

*Copyrighted 1923*

---



27-12845

AUG 28 '23

© C1A711659

me |

W. T. T., Aug. 30-23



MARSHALL MILLER,  
Supt. Public Safety.

JAMES CAVENDER,  
Secretary.

CITY OF DES MOINES

Department of Police  
M. J. Conoghue, Chief

August 28th, 1920.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

This is to state that Mr. George W. McNutt is a very well known citizen of Des Moines, Iowa, and has thousands of friends in this city.

Mr. McNutt was for many years a prominent member of our police force, at one time acting as Chief of Detectives for several years and has held other offices of trust in Des Moines, all of which he fulfilled with great credit.

Mr. McNutt had to retire from active work some years ago owing to having received a light stroke. We understand he is now rapidly recovering from the same and proposes to enter in business in Kansas City.

Any favors or courtesies extended to Mr. McNutt in Kansas City or elsewhere will be greatly appreciated by the Police Department of the City of Des Moines.

(Signed) M. J. DONOGHUE,  
Chief of Police.

IOWA NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
Des Moines

Cary M. Spencer, Secretary

July 13th, 1918.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

I am glad to give this testimony of the favorable acquaintance that I have had with Mr. George W. McNutt, of Des Moines, whom I have known for many years, and know that he has always enjoyed an excellent reputation for uprightness and fair dealing.

I also know that he has been seriously afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia, and until recently has been making his way about with the aid of two crutches. Recently he has been able to dispense with most of the artificial assistance and shows some improvement.

I am sure that anybody will be justified in placing explicit confidence in Mr. McNutt's word and his agreements.

Yours respectfully,  
(Signed) C. M. SPENCER, Secy.

I fully concur in the above.

(Signed) JOHN L. BLAKLY, Pres.

JOHN McVICAR  
Des Moines.

May 22, 1918.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

It affords me pleasure to say that the bearer George W. McNutt is well and favorably known in Des Moines. He has held responsible positions in the Department of Public Safety here, and is reliable and trustworthy. He has for several years been badly crippled with locomotor ataxia, and until recently has walked with crutches or cane.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) JOHN MACVICAR.



CHAS. W. ROGG COMPANY, Inc.  
DRUGGISTS

Des Moines, Iowa, July 1, 1918.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

We take great pleasure in recommending the bearer, Mr. Geo. McNutt, having known him for years. He has held responsible positions here in the Department of Safety and was found satisfactory and trustworthy; has been unable to work owing to sickness but seems to have improved in health recently.

Yours truly,  
C. W. Rogg Co., Inc.,  
(Signed) E. L. JANES.

MONRAD J. OLSEN PHARMACY

*"The Rexall Store"*

Des Moines, Iowa, July 1, 1918.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

We have personally known Mr. George McNutt for a number of years, both before and since his failing health, and know that he has always borne an excellent reputation, and was the most efficient Chief of Detectives our City ever had.

This duty he was forced to give up, on account of his illness.

In our business relations with him, we have always found him to be True and Square.

Monrad J. Olsen's Pharmacy,

(Signed F. E. JONES, Mgr.

FEJ:B.

ALFRED HAMMER & COMPANY  
DRUGGISTS  
310 Walnut Street

Des Moines, Iowa, July 1, 1918.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

Mr. George McNutt has been a resident of Des Moines for many years and has been employed by the city as Chief of Detectives where he was respected as an efficient officer and citizen. He has been incapacitated for duty recently, owing to illness and we have always found him a true blue friend and citizen.

Respectfully submitted,  
Alfred Hammer & Co.,  
(Signed EDWARD CHILDS.

DES MOINES ICE & COLD STORAGE CO.

Des Moines, Iowa, July 1, 1918.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

The bearer, Geo. McNutt, has been a resident of this city for many years and was for a major portion of the time connected with the Police Department, part of the time under Mayor McVicar who speaks very highly of him both as an officer and a citizen.

He has for some time past been in poor health, but is now feeling much better.

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. G. BLACK.

THE MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK  
Des Moines

Office of the President

July 13, 1918.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

I have known the bearer for many years both as a friend and as one of the most capable detectives we have ever had on our force.

His health having failed him he has been obliged to leave the chosen life work for other pursuits. I regard him very highly and commend him to your favorable consideration.

Yours very truly.

(Signed) G. E. MACKINNON, Pres.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

Des Moines, Iowa

July 2, 1918.

*To Whom It May Concern:*

We are pleased to recommend to you Mr. George McNutt of this city whom we have known for a number of years. He has been well and favorably known during his residence here, our business relations with him have always been entirely pleasant and satisfactory, we have always found him honorable and trustworthy and believe he is worthy of your confidence.

Any courtesy shown him will be greatly appreciated.

Yours truly,

(Signed) C. H. MARTIN, Pres.





# My Twenty-Three Years Experience as a Detective

---

## CHAPTER I

### SYNOPSIS

The contents of this book will be as follows:

My first experience as a policeman, and after four years of service as a policeman, I was appointed to Chief of Detectives. How I came to be appointed. The rottenness of politics, both in the department and outside the department. The condition I accepted the office, the different kinds of crime and how they are detected. The advice to girls and mothers. How so many girls go to the bad. My two years experience as Chief of Detectives, or Official Manager of the Wallace Circus. My experience in politics. Advice to young girls and boys.

There will be nothing in this article that young boys and girls cannot read, in fact, it is an education for the young people. It exposes crimes of all kinds and shows the fatal ending of all criminals, for there never was a criminal that did not finally receive what was coming to him. It either ends in death or the penitentiary. The first part of this article will not be as interesting as the last part, for as I became better educated in crime and experience, the more proficient I became in the

business, and the more large and tough cases I had to handle. About this time, I became mixed in politics, and at that time the police department was in politics. I could readily see what a curse it was to have political bosses coming to our police officers and threatening them by saying that they would get their job, as they stood in with the Mayor and council, if they pushed the case they had against so and so. I went one evening at roll call before the department and asked the boys to assist me in having a civil service bill passed by the legislature. The police appointed Sergeant Thomas Denham, and myself and Denham put in two months working with the legislature and the committee on cities and towns. Our bill finally came up and we found that we only had two majority if they all voted as they had agreed to. So the bill came up the next morning for passage and we won out by a two majority. This placed both the police and fire departments under civil service. They had to take their civil service examinations before the civil service commission, and then if they passed the examination, and after twenty-two years of service, they were allowed to retire from active service on half the salary they were drawing at that time. The improvement in the department was something

wonderful, for the boys could then say to the politicians "You get out of here with your threats and promises, or I will arrest you, and put a charge against you of interfering with an officer in his official business." And after the boys knew that their jobs were only dependent on their good service to the department and to the city, we soon cleaned the city up, and had as clean a city as there was anywhere in the country for the size of it and as good a police department. I also explained the Bertillion system of measurements, how we measure criminals, and take their Bertillion measurements. Now, my dear readers, I will proceed to give you my history from the time I was born.

## CHAPTER II

## HISTORICAL

I was born in Nicolet County, Minnesota, in 1859, and at one A. M. on the 13th day of March, in a little log hut that father built himself, it was located in the heavy timber along the Minnesota River. Father having taken up a claim from the Government which contained twenty-two hundred sugar trees, of which we used to make a great deal of maple syrup and maple sugar. In 1861 when the war of the rebellion broke out, the Indians of the country, especially the Sioux and Black Hawks, the Chief of the Sioux, old Sitting Bull, used to have a camping ground right in our timber, and there has been as high as five thousand Indians camped there at once. My mother at one time while they were camped there, Sitting Bull's son was taken very sick. My mother, who was a very good cook used to fix up different kind of dishes of food and take out to him. And by so doing she made a great friend of Sitting Bull. After the draft had passed, and they were drafting all the able-bodied men of Minnesota in the war, the Indians made up their minds they would massacre those who were left and take back their lands that had been taken from

them by the Government. At the same time Sitting Bull sent one of his friends to my mother, and notified her that they were going to massacre all the whites in the country and for us to get our things together and get out of the country as fast as possible. We immediately hitched up two ox teams we had two wagons, loaded them with all the goods we could and started to Iowa. We crossed what was then known as the big Prairie and were about half way across the same, and we could see the fires burning, for the Indians had massacred the people and set fire to the buildings. We finally got through Minnesota and over into Iowa, and we came on through Des Moines, Iowa. I was then two years and three months old at the time of our arrival in Des Moines. I started to school in the old brick building known at that time as the first ward school. About that time, or a little later, Wm. E. Mason, the ex-Senator from Illinois took charge of the school, and kept charge of it for five years. And I want to say right now that I learned more from the honorable Wm. E. Mason in that period of time than I learned all the rest of the time of my school life. Mason afterward resigned, went with Palmer and Withrow into their law office, and studied law with them until Withrow



went to Chicago and Mason went with him, and became one of the brightest attorneys in Chicago. He was first elected to the House from Illinois, and then to the Senate. This position he was holding at the time of his death. At the age of 10 I was appointed the janitor of the schoolhouse by St. John who was treasurer. I held that position until a woman by the name of Dugan was appointed as teacher. She was one of these red-headed school marms who always had their pets, and to whom the other scholars had to knuckle or have a row. I would always prefer the row rather than to knuckle to anybody. Those days the seats of the school house were the desk for those behind and the seat for the one in front. So that a scholar when writing, if the one who sat in front wanted to be mean, he could shake the desk and make the one behind ruin their copy-book. There were two pets of Miss Dugan, who were sitting in the seat in front of me, and had been shaking the seat a great deal during the twenty minutes we had for writing. I went to the teacher and told her and she said that she guessed the girls who were in front would not hurt me if I did not bother them. The next day they tried the same thing over, I got very mad, packed up my books and left school. I went

over to see Mr. St. John about the matter the next day, he wanted me to go back to school, but I said "No, Mr. St. John, not as long as that red-headed cat is teaching. But I would like to hold my position as janitor for awhile anyway." He said that was alright that I could hold the position as long as I wanted to, as I had done very good work and given satisfaction to the Board of Education. I was almost ready to graduate into High School when this trouble came up, and I quit school and went into the express business. I stayed in that about fifteen years, after first getting started, I took my brother and father in with me, and we worked the business up until we had altogether fifteen wagons between the express and transfer business together. I then sold my interest to my brother and father, and went into the police department under Mayor Campbell. I served four years as patrolman, ten years as Chief, and seven years as a member of the detective department. I then had some trouble with the democratic mayor who had just been elected and went off the department for two years, coming back again under Mayor James Brenton. I then stayed on the department until John Hammery was elected a member of the public safety department. The first morning after



the election of Hammery, he came into my office, and said he had made up his mind to put another man in my place as Chief of Detectives, said he knew I had a right to fight the case before the police Commissioners, but if I did he would make it so hot for me around the headquarters that I would wish I was never born. And knowing what a dirty cur he was, I concluded after having talked the matter over with my wife that I would drop into the department and let the Chiefship go. But that did not stop him, he kept on for several weeks trying to make me so angry that I would resign, and I finally made up my mind that it was going to be a case of kill Hammery or resign from the department. And not wanting my name up as a murderer of his calibre, I went into the office one morning and sat down and tendered my resignation in writing. I took it into Hammery and said "And now, you dirty dog, I suppose you are satisfied, here is my resignation." I then says to him "Now Hammery it is six weeks more to election, and I'll tell you what I am going to do, I am going to put in that six weeks both day and night, trying to beat you for a second term, so you can make up your mind that I am after you from now on." About four weeks after John discovered that I was putting in some pretty hard blows which

were liable to defeat him. So he said "Now Mac, if you will let upon me, I will come out in an article in the paper, stating this was a put-up job on you for the purpose of getting you to resign. I will explain the whole case to the public and clear you of all charges." I says to him "You dirty cur, you come out in the paper beforehand and square me with the public and then come to me and talk, but not until then." But he did not do it, so I kept on working day and night until election day, and we beat him about eighteen hundred votes. I then went to work for the P. F. Collier Publishing Company of New York and worked for them for seven years selling their books and magazines. I then after doing some careful figuring made up my mind to go over to the Capitol Extension Co., of the Capitol grounds enlarging the grounds. They had bought about thirteen blocks to extend the Capitol grounds, in a thickly settled residence part of the city. When I got over they had sold everything except five brick apartment houses. I asked the superintendent what he would take for the five. He figured up and said "Twenty-five hundred dollars." I says "No, I'll give you eighteen hundred dollars as they are, and will tear them down and remove them at once." He said "They are yours." So I then asked him if he

would turn over the men to me that had done all the wrecking. He said he would and we went up where the men were working and called them over to us, and said, "Men, you are all working for Mr. McNutt from this time on." The men all said alright as long as they got the same salary as the state was paying them. I knew they were experienced men at the business, so we went to work the next morning wrecking the brick flats. I gave them instructions to take the woodwork all off and tie it up in packages, mark them what room they belonged in and place the doors and windows with the parcels so that when I got them over where I intended to build all I had to do was to sort the woodwork out for each room, as I had built the brick work the same size rooms, halls and everything that they were in the old building that was torn down. The woodwork was in good condition and so was the brick. So that all they had to do was to open the packages marked for each room and nail the woodwork in its place, being all fitted and everything ready to go in the room. We left the locks and doorknobs right on the doors, and all they had to do was to put the windows in the frames and the room was completed. I got a hundred and seventy-five thousand brick out of the five flats,

and only lost about ten thousand out of the whole thing. I bought about fifty thousand, or I should say a hundred and fifty thousand from the Barber Asphalt and Brick Co. I used all the new brick for the front and the old brick which was nearly all paving brick I used for the side walls, partitions, etc., so I got the flats built for about half of what it would cost me by buying new brick and lumber and putting them all up new. And you could not tell them from new after they were finished. They cost me only about thirty-five thousand dollars. In the meantime I had gone to the Central Trust Co., of Des Moines to get a loan of fourteen thousand, they persuaded me to take a temporary loan of six thousand and when I had the buildings inclosed they would make the loan fourteen thousand permanent for ten years at six per cent. I had enclosed the buildings about three days before the temporary loan was due. Scott Rawson who was president of the Central Trust Co. had made up his mind he was going to get the flats for six thousand dollars. So he refused to make the permanent loan and three days after started foreclosure on the temporary loan. It was just at the time during the war when you could hardly borrow money at any price. I went to the National



Fire Insurance Co., of Iowa, and asked them for a loan of twenty-four thousand, and they said they would go up and look at the property that day, which they did, and they said to me the next morning they did not hardly think that would be enough to pay off the Central Trust Co. claim and finish them up. So they said we have made up our minds to let you have twenty-eight thousand and we know that will be enough to finish them up. In the meantime Rawson had gone into court under foreclosure, thrown it in the hands of the receiver, and had himself appointed receiver. He had started to finish the flats, he went and hired the same man whom I had fired for stealing plumbing goods from the building. The two of them had run up a bill of over five thousand dollars, and had not done over one thousand dollars worth of work. The court, as usual, allowed all the bills they put in. They had allowed Rawson's attorney seven hundred dollars as attorney's fee, for which he had not done over one hundred dollars worth of work on the whole transaction. Other bills that Rawson had made while acting as receiver which totaled fourteen thousand dollars included the temporary mortgage. I got Rawson and went down to the fire insurance office, and ordered them to pay him

fourteen thousand dollars, which they did, and I went on and finished up the flats, and paid all the bills I could out of the other fourteen thousand. At that time I was about all in on money so a party made me an offer of thirty-five thousand dollars, for the apartments, which contained fifteen apartments, with from four to five rooms in each apartment. I had to take a farm in Wisconsin of three hundred and twenty acres and one in Texas of one hundred and sixty acres and one in South Dakota of eighty acres. I had to let them go for what I could get, which was a very small amount, and all were incumbered. I went to Wisconsin and the party there had threatened foreclosure and offered me five hundred dollars or they would foreclose their mortgage, and being out of money at that time I had to let it go. I had to sell the Texas farm for eight hundred, and the South Dakota farm, I only got five fifty for. About a year after that the party who had bought the flats sold them for ninety thousand dollars. I owned my residence property which was an eight room, all modern, and worth seven thousand dollars. I also owned a cottage next door, five room, value four thousand. I owned the two lots just south of the flats which I had been offered two thousand for. I also owned three houses and

lots in Kansas City, one on Thirty-ninth, west of Woodland Ave., value forty-five hundred. I owned one on Howard Street, just off Prospect Avenue and eight rooms all modern valued at six thousand. I owned a seven room bungalow, with two sleeping porches, on Thirty-third and the Paseo, which was valued at eight thousand. Of course there were encumbrances on most all this property but I thought at the time that I could pull through and still think so if it had not been for Scott Rawson and the Central Trust Co. I sold my home property for fifty-five hundred, took that and bought the Newport Pool and Billiard Hall at 412 W. Locust. I took a few hundred dollars and painted and papered, recovered the tables, and had one of the best pool and billiard halls in the city for its size. I bought that from one Ralph Weimer who guaranteed me that all bills were paid and that he did not owe anything on the place. I later discovered that there was over fourteen hundred dollars in bills against the place. I went to him and demanded that he pay those bills at once or I would prosecute him. In the meantime I was doing my business under my oldest daughter's name. My attorney who had been doing business for me for some time was also Weimer's attorney, and he and Weimer got their heads to-



gether and concocted a scheme whereby they could get a half interest in the pool hall. They telephoned my daughter one day to come immediately over to the lawyer's office and not to say anything to me about coming. She immediately dressed herself and went over to the lawyer's office and Weimer and his lawyer were there waiting. Weimer told her he had the drop on me and could send me to the penitentiary and would do so if she did not give him a half interest in the billiard hall, and it scared her almost to death to think that I might have to go to the penitentiary, so she told him that she would sign it over. This happened just before dinner, and after dinner, I had just started out to pay three hundred and seventy-five dollars worth of bills that I owed, when I came back Weimer was in there and had possession, and said that my daughter had signed a half interest over to him and was to pay him a salary of twenty-five dollars a week for running the place. I was about the sickest man you ever saw, I always kept a gun in the cashdrawer, I started in and went behind the bar to get my gun, and Weimer had stole that out. If I had gotten it I would surely have killed him on the spot. Knowing that if I left the place it might be to my disadvantage when we came to court, so I called up my at-

torney on the telephone and asked him what I had better do. Well, he said it was too late now to get hold of the court and that I might just as well go on home and wait until morning. So I went home and sat down to think of the best way out, and finally made up my mind that there was only one thing to do, that was to throw the business in the hands of the receivers and have the court appoint a friend of mine as the receiver. My attorney and I went up to the Sheriff's office to get a warrant to serve for Weimer's arrest. The Sheriff refused to serve the warrant that night but said that he would the next morning. The next morning we insisted on him serving it at once and finally did serve it, arrested Weimer and took him to the courthouse and while Weimer was there the new receiver took possession. Weimer was a gambler and was running a gambling house over the pool hall at the time I bought it. My lease, by the way, covered the whole building including the basement. Weimer offered me a hundred dollars a month for the upstairs room he was then occupying. I had furnished a room for myself up over the billiard hall and was out of town one day, and when I came back the furniture I had bought from Davidson Bros. on the installment plan had all been removed from the room, I

immediately went down to Davidson Bros. and demanded to know what they had done with the furniture and they said Weimer had come down there and ordered them to come and get it and take it out of his room which they did and took it to their warehouse. I then served notice on them to either return the furniture or pay me back what I had paid on it or I would immediately have them arrested. They had broke the lock on the door to get in, and had laid themselves liable for so doing. So Davidson agreed to give me credit for the amount I had paid on the furniture and also twenty-five dollars for my trouble. They left the furniture that I had bought placed in the room and my trunk, etc., so I had to go to a hotel and get me a room. I stayed there and worried and fussed until my legs gave out and I then packed my grip and came on to K. C. I was laid up for some time with my legs and after I got some better I went to work for the Westlands Photograph Co. I worked for them up to December of last year. I then was laid up until April of this year, when I went to work for the B-R Electric Co. for whom I am still working.

I was married June 27th, 1880, to Miss Susie Shunk at 605 Des Moines Street and was at that time in the Fruit and Confectionery business on

East 5th and Locust St. I had a lease on the building for 2 years and when the lease ran out the owner refused to release me the room for the reason that they had made plans to build a five story brick building and I had to move in a place at that time that proved to be no good on East 4th and Walnut where the Northwestern Hotel now stands. The hotel is run by Otto Starsinger and is a very good place to stop. I then went back into the express and transfer business. Previous to our marriage I had learned the printer's trade. I was with Thomas Orwig of the Des Moines Daily Bulletin, Wills & Co., job printers, and the Des Moines Daily Bulletin but the business did not agree with my health and I went to work outside in the open air. I stayed in the express and transfer business until I went on to the Police Department. My wife and I raised a family of five children, Eva, Ernest, Blanche and the youngest were twins, Hattie and Hazel. The twins looked so much alike nobody could tell them apart. I gave all my children a good education, three of them on to the stage. The boy started out as advance man for the Wilbur Kierwin Opera Company about the time Dr. Rucker who had located his show at the Capital City Opera House. Joe Connelly was manager of the opera



house. The Doctor always gave one amateur night a week and sent for me to come out and I went and he says, "McNutt, I understand you have a couple of twins that have the reputation of being real clever and I want you to let them go on tonight at the amateur contest, we are giving tonight a thirty seven piece silver set and from what I have heard of them, I believe they can win it." The girls had been on at the amateur's contest a short time before and had made such a big hit they were the talk of the town. The girls went on and the rules of the contest were that the winners were to be left to a vote of the house and when the vote was announced, it was unanimous in favor of the twins. A short time after that the Doctor went with his show to Minneapolis and he wired me to send the girls and he would start them in at \$50.00 a week. They were then only 14 years old.

So I had an aunt living there and the girls went direct to my aunt, in fact, I went with them myself to Minneapolis and the Doctor and his wife said they would look after them around the theater and treat them the same as if they were their own children and they did. The girls had always been crazy to go to work at Ingersoll Park which was run by the Des Moines St. R. R. and Fred Bu-

chanan who afterwards owned the Buchanan Circus. Fred had his circuit on the Orpheum Circuit and he had at this time a black face team that had been suddenly called to New York on account of sickness of their mother and he wired the girls to come on and he would give them two weeks at Ingersoll Park at \$100.00 per week and the girls came on and made good the first night and the first Sunday they were on the Jack Hoffler show was in the city and they all went out to the Park to see the show and when the girls' turn came they received a very hearty welcome and before they were through Hoeffler turned to me and says, "Mac, I want those girls with me this winter," and says "How much do you want per week for them?" I says "\$75.00 and you and your wife agree to look after them." Mrs. Hoeffler spoke up and says, "Mr. McNutt, I will take as good care of them as if they were my own girls so you do not need to worry about them while they are with us as they will be in good hands." So he told me to have them come to Webb City, Missouri the next week. So I took them down and we arrived there just in time for supper and the girls were all the attraction. They looked so much alike that no one could tell them apart. There was only 1-4 of an inch difference in their height and

1-2 pound difference in weight. It used to keep my wife and myself busy to tell them apart and a stranger had no chance at all. The leading man says, "I have them now," and I says, "I will bet you a box of candy for the ladies that you cannot tell them apart." He said, "I will take the bet." So I took the girls out in the hall and then came back with one of them and he said "That is Hattie." He says, "I know better, you fool me. Hattie has a mole on her right cheek." So I called Hazel in and says, "Hazel, show the gentleman the mole on your cheek" and she had one in the same place. "Well," he says, "I give it up, you win. I will buy the candy." And he did. The next morning the girls wanted to see Joplin which was only about 7 miles from Webb City so I took them over to Joplin and the Interurban runs over there so we went over and the first thing we knew we run into a big bunch from Des Moines. They owned several large mines. I introduced the girls and says, "Boys, better come over and see the show we have one of the best on the road, and besides I want you to see the girls work out." So that evening they chartered two of those big interurban cars and packed them with their friends and when the show opened they were turning them away and when



the girls came on with their stunt, I thought the crowd would tear the house down and the girls got four encores and then the crowd tried to get them back again and after the show Hoeffler says, "Well, Mac, you have got the best sister team in the country. The reception they got last night was wonderful. I never saw anything like it before. They are certainly wonders," and they worked that season for Hoeffler and the next season Sport North came to me and says, "Mac, I want those girls next season," and I says, "Sport, it will cost you \$100.00 per week." He said that was alright he would pay it and for me to come to the hotel that afternoon and he would have a contract ready for me and after dinner we both signed the contract. The girls stayed with Sport five years and after closing with Sport, my son went with the girls and they were together for three years in vaudeville.

## CHAPTER III

EXPERIENCE OF A DETECTIVE AFTER TWENTY-  
THREE YEARS SERVICE IN POLICE  
AND DETECTIVE WORK.

BY G. W. McNUTT

*Ex-chief of Detectives, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Thirty-eight years ago, this last April 1st, I was appointed on the Police Department at Des Moines, Iowa, under Mayor John Campbell. Solomon Stuttsman was Chief, Police Captain was Robert Thompson and George Morgan, Sergeants. My first beat was on East Fifth and Locust. I relieved Jerry Flannery and served one year on that beat with some very good experience.

A gambler by the name of Wilbur Lewis, had located some gambling rooms on East Locust Street between 5th and 6th Streets upstairs. The police had been trying to capture the bunch for some time but had not been able to catch them in the act. So I thought I would try my luck at it. They had three doors to go through and always kept them locked, so that if the officers did get inside they had

time to get everything out of sight and they would then have no evidence to convict them. So I secured a ladder and in company of Clint Bragg, the man on the next beat, we went up on the roof. There was a large sky light that we could look through and see everything in the room and when we arrived at the skylight there was a poker game going on and we could see the money on the table and everything in the room. We watched them for an hour and then I telephoned the captain for the wagon and we broke in the doors and arrested them, taking all the cards, money and tables. We brought them into court the next morning and the Court fined them \$10.00 each and Lewis was fined \$25.00 for running the place.

About a week after that, the whole bunch went out on a big spree. We had a Police box at that time, on the corner of 6th and Grand Avenue. The gang got up on the corner and were making all kinds of noise and I could hear them for two blocks away and being time for me to report at the box, I went to 6th and Grand and the gang seen me coming and got out of sight and when I went in the box to report, I heard a revolver shot and heard the bullet strike the box. I turned around in the box and seen where the bullet had come through and saw it lodged

in the other side of the box. I immediately went outside, pulled my gun but could not find anyone.

About ten years after that, one of these fellows came to me and says, "Mac, I have a story to tell you. Do you remember the time about ten years ago when some one shot at you while you were at the telephone box?" I said, "Yes, and if he had shot two inches closer, he would have killed me." "Well," he said, "I am ashamed of it now, but I am the man that fired that shot that night and I sure was tickled to death when I learned it had not hit you."

The way I escaped being killed was this. At the time I was talking on the telephone and was close up to the side of the box, the ball went through the center of the box missing my spine about two inches. "Well, old boy," I said, "It was a good thing for you I did not see you when I came out or I surely would have killed you as I had my gun in my hand ready to shoot. (This happened during the 13 years of prohibition in Iowa.)

A short time after, I procured a search warrant for Al Sexhaurs' place at 416 E. Locust St. Al was running a beer joint and we had been searching him pretty regular so he went to work and bought

some three inch planks and a carpenter made him a door and had it covered with boiler iron and large heavy steel hinges and then said to me, "Now, Mac, come and get me if you can," So that evening I went over to the headquarters and had the Chief of Police detail me six men. We procured crow bars, axes and sledge hammers and started for the east side. When we arrived I produced my search warrant and we went after it and in about fifteen minutes we had the door all torn to pieces. We searched the place but could not find any liquor, so I said, "Well, boys, I know it's here and I am going to have it before I quit." So we started in again and he had two faucets in his wash sink and I got a hunch to examine them. I tried the cold water and it was alright but when I tried the hot water, the beer began to run but we could not find the keg, so we started to trace the pipe. We followed it up to the fifth story and there, out on the roof, we found the keg. We arrested Sexhaur and the next day, he closed the joint and went out of business.

A few days after that, I procured a search warrant for John Hardy's place on East 5th, between Couet Ave. and Walnut. John was running a tough joint. His patrons were mostly from the packing houses and mines so I secured a warrant and



I took Clay Lewis, a negro, Harry Cohen, a Jew, Tom Ford, an Irishman, and myself. When we arrived at the place, I told the boys to go in the back way and I would go in the front and serve the warrant, so we started and as I went in I pulled the warrant and walked up to Mardy and commenced to read it. The house was full of people, about fifty of them in a twenty-foot room and all at once, six of them jumped on me, two of them pinned my arms, two of them my legs and the other two my body. I could not get hold of either my club or gun. About that time, the other boys came in from the rear and Dan Ford thought they were hurting me and he pulled his gun and leveled it on Hardy and just as he pulled the trigger, Clay Lewis knocked his hand up and the ball went into the ceiling and I never saw a crowd disappear so quickly in my life. They went out the doors and some of them jumped through the windows taking sash and all and it wasn't two minutes until the room was cleared. We got three kegs of beer and arrested Hardy.

About that time the wholesale men were *very* busy and shipping it in by car lots, so the captain detailed Al Miller and myself to clean them up and believe me, we made life miserable for that bunch

for awhile. We were seizing four to six carloads a week for some time. I will never forget one car we had seized from Frank Mattes who used to run a brewery in Des Moines. The car was on the Des Moines Union tracks on East 3rd street. I seized the car about 6:00 A. M. and placed Sundberg on watch until we could unload it. In the meantime, Mattes had telephoned to the yard office of the railroad to move that car immediately and take it to Madrid, Iowa, on the double quick. The switch engine went over the river and Sundberg was inside the car. They backed down and hitched on the car and were gone before we knew what they were doing and they sure run some with that engine and Ed was afraid to jump for fear of getting hurt. About two miles out of the city, they had a very heavy grade and they slowed up. He jumped off and had to walk back to the city and if there ever was a mad Swede, he was it. Well, we laid for that car and about three days after, they brought it in at night and started to unload it and we caught them in the act and confiscated it.

We had another bad joint down on East 5th near the C. R. I. & P. tracks. It was run by the Day Bros. and we kept after them until they closed up.

There was another one on Des Moines and 2nd



Streets that was run by the notorious Jack Shea, prize fighter and bully. I think I have searched him at least fifty times and finally closed him by injunction. We used to keep him in jail half the time, then we had another by the name of Otto Munger who run both wholesale and retail. We kept after him until we closed him by injunction.

Then there was Jacob Shersbach. The boys had searched him, I guess, a hundred times and never could find his plant. So I procured a warrant and went up to his joint. It was located on West 7th Street between Walnut and Mulberry. I searched for two hours and found two plants. One of them he had a window sill that slid out and could not be told from the others but I slid the sill out and there was 57 bottles of beer. The other plant was in a closet under the stairway. They had a false partition that looked like the rest of the walls. It was made of ceiling and four of the boards were loose and could be slid back and I found four cases of beer.

Then, we had James O'Callaghan who had a joint at 607 Walnut and in the back room he had an old well and when the officers would come to search them they would knock the head of the keg in and dump it in the well which was 30 feet deep.

He always kept a man on watch and as soon as the officers showed up he would give the alarm and the bartender would knock in the head and dump it in the well. So I made up my mind I had to get the watchman out of the way. So I took another officer with me and waited until he got out on the street. We arrested him on the quiet, the other officer took him to the station and I sneaked in the back way and made a run for it. I was in the back room before they saw me. The bartender grabbed the sledge and I pulled my gun and covered him and made him drop it. They had just put a keg on tap and I got a full eight gallon keg and arrested both O'Callaghan and the bartender. We got him several times after that and finally got an injunction against him.

Then, there was Jim Faulkner who ran the Silver Pitcher gambling house upstairs and a booze joint on the first floor. We used to search them four or five times a day. He finally moved up to 213 Walnut Street. One day we searched him 13 times and got beer in every keg and a keg every time and the last time, I arrested him and took him to jail. He put up a \$1,000.00 bond and was tried in court and convicted. We finally got an injunction against him.

I could sit here and cite cases all night but I only wanted to tell my readers of a few cases to show them that Prohibition could be enforced, if the officers wanted to.

I served the balance of my first four years in uniform and was on every beat in the city. I was then sent to the Highland Park beat in Highland Park College. There were about 1,000 students attending it and on Hallow'een night they sure raised the devil.

Prof. Langwell was president. The boys got together and caught a cow and took her upstairs to the toilet room and tied her up. When they got her out they went up on top of the college and stole the hammer out of the bell and I got after them. One of the boys jumped four stories with the bell hammer and got away. There was a drug store about four blocks from the corner and when I went to report I saw him through the window.

## CHAPTER IV.

Isaac LeHillis came to me and wanted me to manage his campaign and said he would make me Chief of Police if I would manage it and put some money in the campaign. I told him I would so I took charge of the headquarters and had thirty-two precincts to organize and all the workers to look after and we had a hard fight. As we nominated by delegates at that time, we had a warm campaign. John McVicker was our opponent and it looked for awhile as though we were beaten. They had a very strong organization and when convention day came, we of course, put in the forenoon in making a temporary organization and in the meantime, I had been working among the delegates and had pledged enough delegates to nominate with the exception of two. There were five Negro delegates and they had their hands out for a piece of money so I bought the five for \$50.00 and when we adjourned at noon, I went to Hillis and told him what I had done and asked him for the \$50.00 and he said it was alright and wanted to know if I couldn't borrow it at the bank and he would hand it to me the next day. I told him I could but I was in the

bank \$375.00 and had spent \$500.00 of cash I had and promised to make it good the next day and I told him that it would be alright. So I borrowed it for 30 days and went and fixed up the Negroes and when it came to roll call we had three more than enough to nominate and Hillis was nominated.

About a week previous to the convention when the campaign was hottest I located the room where the leaders of the opposition held all their private meetings and I procured a reporter from the Iowa state register and we went up and I borrowed a ladder so we could hear all that was going on as they had the blinds drawn and the windows down at the top and we obtained all their plans and speeches from all the speakers and the next morning the paper came out with the full proceedings of the meeting, it made almost one page of an article. They were the most surprised lot of politicians there was in the country and as soon as Hillis was elected I went down the next morning to congratulate him and he said, "McNutt, I cannot appoint you Chief as I had to have the Swedes' vote and the only way I could get it was to give a contract to the Swedes. Now this Fred Johnson had never had an hours experience in Police work and so I said to Hillis,



"Can you afford to do this, appoint a man to this important position that has never had any experience?" "Well," he said, "that was Politics." I told him it was not Politics. that it was just as easy to be honest in politics as it was in anything else and always paid better in the end. By that time, I was getting pretty warm under the collar and I told him what I thought of him and walked out of the office and went home and you can bet I was pretty blue. I owed the bank \$375.00 I had borrowed from them and \$500.00 I had when the campaign started and out of a job. That evening we talked for two hours. He was trying to get me to accept some other position on the department and I knew I had to do something to take care of those bank notes so I told the captain I would accept it provided I could run the Department to suit myself and if I did not run it satisfactory, he could call me in any time and I would resign without a word. He said that was fair enough so he took me into the Police court and had me sworn in as Chief of Detectives.

The first thing I did was to go to the judges of the District Court and ask them if they would stand by me in trying to clean up the city provided I produced enough evidence and they all agreed to do it.



The first year, I sent 125 to the penitentiary. The second year, 187, and the third year, 46 and from that time on we had a very clean city.

Thirty days after I was appointed Chief, I received a notice from the bank that some of my notes would soon become due so I had a very fine four year old colt and a new buggy and harness. I got up a raffle to get money to pay the notes and the papers came out the next morning with an article on the raffle and when I arrived at my office there was an order from the Mayor to come to his office and I knew what was up. So I went in his office and says, "Good-morning, Mayor." He answered, "Good morning," and then said, "I want to know what the meaning of this is," showing me the article in the paper. He says, "I am surprised that a man like you, holding the position you do, would so forget yourself as to get into anything like that," and he was so mad he was white. I said, "Mr. Mayor, do you really want to know why I did this?" He said he certainly did. I said, "All right, do you remember the day you were nominated for Mayor? Did I not come to you when we only lacked two votes to nominate and tell you I could buy five votes for \$50.00 and you said buy them and when I asked you for the money you told me to go

to the bank and borrow it and you would pay it to me the next day? Have you ever paid that money back to me? Did I not tell you I had in use \$500.00 and \$375.00 I owed to the bank. Well, I raffled that horse and buggy off to pay your political debts. Have you ever been man enough to pay me any part of that money back. Did Fred Johnson spend any of his money for you? No, you know he did not and you know you have made me the fall guy in this whole business. Now, you insignificant little pup, if you ever call me in your office again, I shall go to the newspapers and tell them what I know about you and it will not sound very well in print, Mr. Mayor, for I shall tell about a certain gambler that comes to your office quite often and goes back to a certain drawer and leaves a certain amount of money for the privilege of running a certain gambling house. This man or gambler, is a fine looking man, I will admit with a fine black mustache and who makes his brags that Hillis would not bother him and that you dare not as he had you where he wants you." I then turned around and walked out.

About six weeks after that, I was going by the Iowa National Bank and the cashier rapped on the window and motioned for me to come in and I did.

He says, "Mac, there was a man here about an hour ago that tried to cash a draft for \$1800.00 and we think it was forged. We refused to cash it and we have found since that he cashed one on the Valley National Bank for \$1600.00 and got away with it. We called your office and they said you were up town and sent Johnson and Bain up here. We gave them a description and they are out looking for him." They gave me a description of him and I took a time card out of my pocket and seen there were no trains out yet but the C & N. W. would leave in about seven minutes. I started running to the office about three blocks and had my horse and buggy hitched in front of the station. As I ran, I took out my knife and ran up to the buggy and cut the hitch rein, jumped in and ran my horse all the way to the depot about a half mile. I arrived there just two minutes before the train was to leave, asked the conductor to hold the train and started through it and in the second coach there was a man with a newspaper before his face as though he was reading. I went back to where I could get a look at him and I saw he made the description. So I went up and sat down on the seat beside him and said, "Stranger, where are you from?" He said, "I am from Chicago." I asked him what line he was

handling and he said it was none of my business. Well, I said I would make it my business. I told him I was Chief of Detectives and he was under arrest. I took him by the arm and led him out of the car and then went to the baggage room and told him I was going to search him. He says if you do, it will be at the station which is the proper place. I grabbed him by the throat and threw him against the wall and reached in his inside pocket and pulled out three \$500.00 packages and he said, "Well, you have got me and I will give you the balance. He took out his pocket book and handed me two \$50 bills and then said, "I have \$220.00 and here is a watch that cost me \$150.00," and he says, "Take the whole thing and just let me step outside alone and you keep it all and no one will be the wiser." We were all alone and I told him I was not that kind of a copper and he was going to jail so I took him to the station and measured him under the Bertillion system. I then went to the telegraph office and wired Billy Pinkerton at Chicago the measurements and the next morning I received a message that I had George English, one of the best forgers in the country. He had just got out of Sing Sing prison in New York. The way they work the game, there were six of them in the gang and they had a big



stock farm over in New Jersey and passed themselves off as stock farmers. They had already obtained about \$500,000.00 and Pinkerton's men all over the country had been looking for them. The way they worked the game, one or two of them would go to the bank and buy a draft for \$16, \$18, \$20, or \$50 and they had a place in Chicago where they would send them and take the piece out where the punch marks were and replace it with other punch marks. For instance, a 16 punch would be raised to 1600 and a 50 to 5,000. He was sent to prison in New York for raising government bonds and bogus bonds so Pinkerton started his men out and 3 days after Pinkerton's men caught four more of them in Milwaukee. We tried old man English who was 63 years old and he was sentenced to 12 years in Fort Madison, Iowa, at hard work and the Valley Bank sent me a box of 5c cigars as a present for my good work and I sent them back with my compliments and if I had not worked fast they would have been out \$1600.00 and it would have not hurt them to have handed me a couple of hundred as a reward for honesty and good work. That would encourage an officer but a banker as a usual thing is the biggest hog in the country and does not think about the poor coppers that do the work and takes the

chance of being killed for protecting his money. Sometimes, I do not blame the poor copper for being crooked for some of their salaries is hardly enough to live on but the banker does not care whether he is killed or not as long as he gets his money. Billy Pinkerton complimented me very highly and said it was one of the best catches that had been made anywhere in the country for some time.

Another good forger I caught, was George Lewis, a noted forger of drafts. Lewis was at the Kirkwood hotel in Des Moines, Iowa. He cashed a bogus draft for \$175.00. I took up that case and sent circulars all over the United States. About six weeks after, I received a wire from Chief Reed of Seattle that he had Lewis for me. "Get requisition and come immediately, Chief in Los Angeles wants Lewis awful bad and is on way. Rush." I got my papers and went to the Capital and secured the Governor's signature and mailed the papers to the Governor of Washington and took the night train for Seattle. I took the Great Western to St. Paul and transferred there to the Great Northern. It took me three days and nights to get there although we did not arrive in Seattle until about 10:00 P. M. and was all tired and sleepy but I went to Police Headquarters and one of the Seattle detectives by the



name of Hays went out with me. Chief Reed was not in, went and had supper and then to find the Chief as I had to see him. I had offered a reward of \$50.00 for his capture. We hunted until about 12 o'clock and finally located him at the Elks club so I fixed things up with him and he gave me an order to the prison jailer to turn the prisoner over to me any time I wanted him. We then started out to see the town in the sporting district. We went through a Japanese house and they had some of the prettiest Japanese girls I ever saw for up to that time I had never seen but very few Japanese women and they were very intelligent.

Well, I finally went to the hotel and went to bed and next morning, I was up at dawn and went to the jail to see the prisoner and I knew him in Des Moines. Met him while he was there visiting some friends and we sat down and I said, "Lewis, which would you rather do, go to Des Moines or Los Angeles." He said, "Des Moines, of course, for if I go to California, they will give me 25 years for I have gotten \$10,000.00 in California and they want me very much." "Well, you sign a release waiving all your rights as regards to extradition and agree to go with me without any trouble." He said he would. I went to the chief's office and his clerk

made out the waiver and I went down and had him sign it. I told him we would go on the 9:30 A. M. train. He said he would be ready. He was a very a a a r train. He was a very neat fellow and well-dressed and had a very gentlemanly appearance, carried his paint and powder right with him. We made the train alright and started for Des Moines and it was a long tedious trip, especially I of course, placed the handcuffs on him at the station but when we got on the train, I said to Lewis, if you will agree not to try and escape, I will take off the handcuffs but if not I will keep them on. He said he would agree to go to Des Moines without any trouble so I took them off and let him play gentleman which he could do to a finish and he was a nice clean looking fellow.

Before we got across the mountains, I received a telegram from Chief Reed saying they had just discovered that Lewis had forged a draft on some business house in Seattle for \$500.00 and wanted me to return him to Seattle but I kept on going for Des Moines. In the same car with us, I saw Billy Weare of the big commission house in Chicago of Weare & Company and I was quite well acquainted with him in Chicago, and he had his wife with him. We had a very pleasant trip for Lewis was a good entertainer and so was Billy and they never

knew Lewis was a prisoner until just before we arrived in St. Paul, I took him to one side and told him, he could hardly believe it. I stopped over in Minneapolis a day as I was all in when I left the jail at Minneapolis. Chief James Doyle insisted that I was taking too many chances by not putting on the handcuffs so I put them on until we got to the train. I took them off and we had a very pleasant trip all the way and when we struck the Iowa line, we could tell the difference. The crops looked so much better and everything looked fine and arrived all safe in Des Moines and Lewis was tried and received a six year sentence to Fort Madison.

## CHAPTER V

SOME OF THE DIRTY WORK DONE BY JOHNSTON  
WHILE I WAS IN TORONTO FIGHTING  
EXTRADITION

I always wrote the Chief of Police every few days and kept him posted on how I was getting along with my case and wrote him I thought I would be home. Well Johnston who is a dirty rat and always sneaking around to give someone the worst of it and was always trying to steal some others affairs gladly after an address had been made, went to the Daily Capitol and told them I had jumped the country, I had deserted my family and would not return and lots of other stuff which I do not remember distinctly, so will not try to at this time. My wife got the paper that morning and read the article and went right to the telephone and called Johnston up and said, "Ed I have just read the article you had put in the Capitol about my husband. Now I will give you until tomorrow afternoon to correct that article for I know you are receiving word from him every few days, twice a week, and you know he has been detained there fighting extradition. If you do

not correct it I will be down there and start something." And the next night he came out in an article saying that he had heard from me and that I would be home in a few days with the prisoner, that the prisoner had been fighting extradition for two months. Well I arrived with the prisoner and convicted him and he was sentenced to 12 years at Fort Madison and died there about three years afterwards.

Now, dear readers, I will give you a little history of how I ran the Department during the State Fair at Des Moines, Iowa, and by the way it is acknowledged by the general public to be the largest and best State Fair in the United States.

About three or four weeks before the Fair I wrote the following Chiefs asking for from one to two men to help us during our Fair: Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Sioux City and Cincinnati. The first year they sent me the following men: Chicago sent me Bert Cowdry, Dan Kipley and James Markham; Milwaukee sent me Billy Broderick and his partner; Minneapolis sent me Jim Howard; St. Paul sent Detective Sweaney; Sioux City sent James Morrison; Omaha sent Savage and Dempsey; Kansas City sent Geo. Bryant and Charles Sanderson; St. Louis sent



Detective Lalley; the following were Chiefs of Police at this time: St. Paul, John O'Connor; Minneapolis, Chief Doyle; Omaha, James Donahue; Kansas City, John Hays whom I considered one of the best Chiefs in the country and who was known as such by all the Departments; St. Louis, John Campbell; and Billy Desmond was Chief of Detectives and was the best in the country and Joe Kipley of Chicago and Phil Deits of Cincinnati who sent Detective Howe. Anyone who knows these Detectives, knew I had the best lot of Detectives in the country and besides these every railroad in the city sent from one to four of their Detectives; the Wabash sent one; the Rock Island sent four; the Northwestern sent four; the C. B. & Q. sent two; the Milwaukee sent two and the Great Western sent one, so you see I had a pretty good bunch and they all worked under my instruction. I would place one of my men with each railroad and sometimes two. I sent from three to four to the Fair Grounds and scattered the balance throughout the city. After the crowd got to the Fair Ground, I would send from fifteen to twenty to the Fair Ground and scatter them through the crowd. On the big days of the Fair, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, we would have from sixty to one hundred thousand people on the ground to

take care of. I will never forget one year the Board of Directors held a meeting and decided not to admit any Detectives to the grounds unless they had tickets and always before that they would always send me passes for all my men for the week. So this morning when they issued the orders to the gate keepers, I happened to go out to the grounds with a couple of my men and the gate keepers refused us admission. Well, I was pretty sore. I went back to the city and I had two bunches of pick-pockets in jail that had been picked up the night before. I told the boys to bring them up to my office and told them I was going to give them a chance to get out of town and for them not to try to do any work in the city while they were going and they promised they would not, but I said we are not protecting the Fair Ground this year on account of the Board of Directors having turned us down and will not admit my Detectives unless we buy tickets so we have no jurisdiction in the Fair Grounds. Well, that afternoon about four o'clock, the Secretary of the Fair sent word for me to come out to his office at once. I went out and he jumped up and shook hands and said he never was so glad to see anyone as he was to see me and he said he wanted me to send some of my men out to the grounds. He said there

was a big gang of pick-pockets working all day and they had complaints by the score from the people that had been robbed. He showed me what they had found behind one of the barns which was a bushel basket full of empty pocket-books. He also said that the Directors had just had another meeting and had instructed him to give me all the passes I wanted for my men and for me to make out a list of all my men and he would give them all passes for themselves and families, which I did and then I telephoned to the office to send me all the men they could pick up and get them out quick. He found ten or twelve men and sent them out and I explained to my men what the Directors had done and they got busy and cleaned up the grounds in no time. The Secretary then informed me that he told the Directors they were making an awful mistake when they passed the resolution and told them he was well acquainted with me and that I would keep my men away from the ground and then they would be up against it. He said I told them they had a lot of men there doing guard duty and the most of them were right from the country and never had any experience in Detective work and they could not expect them to compete with a lot of crooks that were as smart as anyone. He said he told them they were

making the mistake of their lives but the Directors were nearly all farmers and none of them knew anything about Detective work, so the next day I sent out twenty of my men and they never had a kick and there was no pocket-books reported stolen. I remember one big day we had. The Fair Association had gotten up a big head on collision and had advertised it very extensively and the receipts in the evening showed seventy-five thousand people. Well, you know that makes a lot of people. The association had built a temporary track inside the race track and had transferred the engines to the track. A fellow by the name of John Connely had gotten the entertainment up and had bought two old engines from the C. & M. R. R. They were still in running order but they were ready for the scrap pile. John got them pretty cheap and after the collision sold them for scrap iron. I knew a collision was something new for the people to see and that accounts for the big crowd. The C. R. I. & P. had built a long shed for their depot and had fixed it so they could admit as many as they wanted and then shut the gates and hold the crowd until they could load those in the shed. They were running trains every five minutes to the city and from ten to sixteen coaches on each train.

The street car company had built a depot on the same place and they were running their cars with trailers evry minute so you see they could handle a great many people in a short time but when the show was over everybody wanted to get home at once and it was the worst jam you ever saw'. I placed my men at the different gates to watch for pick-pockets but the crowd was so dense one could not move and I was so sore the next day I could hardly move.



## CHAPTER VI

I will now give some advice to young boys and girls; boys always be honest and straight forward in all your dealings and obey your father and mother and especially your mother for she has the most care of you, if you always do this you will never go astray or get into trouble for there are very few mothers that will advise you to do wrong. It is very easy for you to make the first bad step but it is hard to overcome it after you have made it and it is very easy to make the second and then the third and then the first thing you know you become a crook and have all the officers in the country watching you. They will get you in time. Boys there never was a crook born that doesn't eventually get caught and then when it is too late you will wish you had taken your mother's advice. I have seen hundreds of boys after they have been caught, say, "Chief, oh, if I had only taken my mother's advice I would not be where I am today. Now I am shunned and pointed out as that little thug or that little crook by all the decent people in the country and when I try to get a job of some kind the business man or contractor or manufacturer will say 'oh

you are that little thief, John Smith, or whatever your name is; no we cannot use you under any circumstances; we do not want any thieves in our business for we could not trust you under any circumstances, ". I have given many a boy another chance to turn straight again; the most of them think like you do sometimes, "Oh, I know my business; I know better than father or mother; they are not up-to-date; they are not up to the lines; I have more brains than both of them; they cannot tell me anything; I am able to look after myself," but you are not; you need somebody to advise you; somebody to see you go to school and behave yourself while you are at school; your teacher will look after you when you are not at school; somebody that will teach you to be a little gentleman for then people will point you out and say what a nice little gentleman that boy is; he must have a kind father and mother to look after him. Now I will leave it to you which sounds the best, "there goes a nice little gentleman" or "there goes that dirty little thief, Johnny Smith, I don't want my boys playing with a thief like him," so the first thing you know you are ostracized from society. In other words, will say to your children, you must not go with him or have anything to do with him.

And now girls your time has come for a lecture and you must take your medicine. In the first place, girls, the most of you think of nothing but dress and having a good time and becoming a flapper. That is some of your highest ambition, to meet some young fellow with an automobile, go out and stay the biggest part of the night and have what the boys call a hell of a time and the first thing you know some boy will insult you or get the best of you or you will get killed or crippled in an automobile accident. You can read of it every day in the papers; of running away from home with some fellow, whereas if you had taken father's and mother's advice you would have escaped all this. If there is anything on earth that disgusts me and nearly all grown people look at it the same way is to see a girl coming down the street with a half pound of paint on her face, dressed like a flapper and her hair bobbed and flapper boots on and then she thinks she is making a hit or a mash on some kid and looking for a hell of a time. Now if you only knew what people thought of you, you would change your habits at once; you can hear these remarks: "look at that tit bit" or "look at that would-be-flapper" or "there goes a little sport." Here is where mother gets the blame and the mother is not

to blame any more than to allow them to start that kind of business; if she had taken the girl across her knee a few times she might have been a better girl and made her help do the house work instead of being on the streets with a half pound of paint on her face trying to make a mash. I will make a bet that one-fourth of the girls in Kansas City cannot make a dress or cook a meal or clean up the house. Now the mother is the most to blame in that case for not making the girl work a little and learn a little about the house work; that is what makes so many girls go wrong, yes, and women to, if you please, this little love of dress when they are married and have not been taught these things beforehand; perhaps their husband's salary will not permit of the expensive dressing then the woman gets a job or goes down town to work and they either board out or neglect their house. There are very few men who do not marry to have a home and to raise a family and then the woman still doesn't have enough so she says to herself now I am married and why not make some money on the side and I can have a good time and after the first time she thought it was easy and the first thing she knows she is diseased and gone to the dogs and then a divorce and that is what is making so many divorces now-



a-days and what is sending so many girls and women to hell, if you please. I raised a family of five children, four girls and one boy, and we never had any trouble with our family. Two of my girls were twins and the girls at that time were twelve years old, that was in 1900, I resigned as Chief of Detectives from the Des Moines Department and Ben Wallace of the Wallace circus wired me to come on and take charge of the show, that is the official Department Chief who is the man that pays all the licenses, looks after the Police and Sheriff offices and constables and looks after all claims on accidents. So after we got down South, I think I was in Georgia, my wife wrote me that the girls had appeared before the world's Congress with their singing and dancing and they made such a hit they received four encores and made a big hit with all the mothers present and I wrote my wife immediately to put them under the best singing and dancing master she could find. Two years after they joined Dr. Rucker's Stock Company in Mineneapolis and they have been on the road ever since and part of the time they were with their brother and were known as the McNutt Trio and played the Electric Park. It was the old Electric Park I am mentioning. These things simply show young girls that a girl can go



on the road in the show business and still be good girls for my girls had all the chances in the world to go to the bad if they were inclined to do so.

## CHAPTER VII

I will now give you the history of one Pike Lynch. Pike was an old timer and has at one time been assistant chief of the Fire Department and made one of the best assistant chiefs we ever had. He had saved several lives and had done some very good work and had quite a reputation among all the Fire Departments. Personally he was a good fellow, well met with everybody and was very well thought of at that time. He finally got off the Department and went to gambling and he and James Hinsley and Billy Lambert started a big gambling house on Fourth Street and Bob King and Ira Stitzell ran another one on the corner of Fourth and Walnut. For a few years Lynch was in that gambling business and then for several years he operated a booze joint down on 6th and Elm Street and then he got in the worst gang of crooks that we ever knew; safe blowers, pick-pockets and thieves of all descriptions and they were making us all kinds of trouble, so I met Pike on the street one day and I said to him "Pike, you have got to disperse that gang and run them all out of the city or I will make you all kinds of trouble and believe me I will get you and send

you over the road sooner or later. I know your gang is pretty well organized but you are not so smooth as you think you are. Now this is the last time I am going to warn you. You may think I will not take any action but there is where you are fooled. You may think that your political pull will pull you through but you know that I do not pay any attention to these political pulls and when I do start I will make it so hard for you that you will wish you had paid some attention to me."

Pike did not pay any attention but went right on and so I took three men and got a search warrant and went after him and we searched for about two hours and we turned the house upside down and finally we moved the bed in the parlor and took up a brussel rug and there was a trap door and I sent one of the boys down in the hole and there was a wagon load of goods under the floor that the thieves had stolen and hidden away. There was stuff of every description, velvet rugs, lace curtains, bolts of silk, gingham and calico, bolts of muslin and most everything you could think of and after we had emptied that hole we kept up the search and found a step in the stairway that was loose and there was a big hole close underneath that which was full of goods, bed blankets, bed spreads, overcoats, shoes

and many other different articles and I arrested Pike and one of his men and took them to headquarters and we tried him and sent him up for five years. John Drake was Governor and I went over to the Governor's office and explained the situation to the Governor and asked him to give him a chance and parole him, being this was the first time he had been convicted and told him all the circumstances, so he made out the parole and turned and handed me the papers and told me to give it to him myself and for me to tell him that if he ever gets into trouble again that he could not expect any mercy from the Governor; so I took the parole and put it in my pocket and thanked the Governor and went over the river and met Pike and I said to him, "Supposing I could get you a parole, do you think you could keep straight and keep away from that bunch and behave yourself from now on?" He told me that he would guarantee that if I could get him out he would never mix with the gang again nor any other gang and that he would try to live straight from now on and that he would try to be of some use to the community. He said if I could get his parole for him he would never forget it and so I pulled the pardon out of my pocket and handed it to him and said to him, "Pike, all that costs you is to keep your word and straighten

up and behave yourself, and he said, "Never again —because you have taught me a lesson which I will never forget as long as I live. I have found you to be the best friend I ever had."

About this time my case got into court and I was kept quite busy with the court. I finally won out and in the meantime the Jews got busy and raised a fund to fight the case to a finish. They took an appeal on the case and when I won again they appealed to another court and so on until I had whipped them in four courts; they then appealed to the court of last resort and I beat them there. In the meantime I had run out of money and wrote the city treasurer to send me my check for my salary which he did. I then wrote May MacVicker to send me money to pay my bills so I could get home but he refused to send it. I then wrote the Governor to see if he would not advance enough to get me home as the State was bound by law to pay all expenses when I returned the prisoner and convicted him and he refused to send it and I was becoming desperate; here I was in a foreign country with about two or three dollars left and I owed a big hotel bill and my attorney bill of \$175.00, my stenographer bill of \$80.00, my hotel bill was \$82.00 and only \$3.00 to pay it with. In the meantime I had told Dick



Disotte, the landlord, about the condition I was in and he had talked it over with Mrs. Hill my lady friend from Pittsburg and the next morning I ate breakfast with her and her mother and after breakfast we were standing there talking and she said, "Let me fix that necktie, it don't look good to me." I said, "All right, go to it, and after she was through I went to my room and I reached in my pocket for a tooth pick and there was a roll of bills amounting to \$100.00 in my pocket. I never was so agreeably surprised in my life and I knew in a minute where it had come from so I went right down to their room and asked her what she meant by it and she told me Dick had told her of the trouble I was having and she said she was going to help me out of the hole if it cost a thousand dollars. I sure thanked her a dozen times.

I then went right down to the telegraph office and wired B. Seigle who had put up the cash and for Seigle to wire me three hundred and fifty dollars at once or I will leave here tonight without the prisoner and would pay back when I got expenses from the state. I went back to the hotel and about two hours after I received a message from the telegraph company that I was wanted at the office. I went down and there was the money. Well, I was the happiest man

in Toronto. I went right down and paid my attorney and my stenographer and then went up and paid my hotel bill; in the meantime Mrs. Hill and her mother had made up their minds to go back to Pittsburg and were worried about their baggage passing the inspection; they had five trunks full of stuff and mostly new goods, so I told them not to worry as I was pretty well acquainted with the inspectors and I thought I could fix it for them, so I went down and saw the inspector and made arrangements with him to pass the trunks without opening them; then I went back and obtained a baggage wagon and took the trunks down myself and had the inspector seal them. Mrs. Hill was very much pleased and she said I had saved her \$500. I wanted to pay her back the hundred she had slipped in my jacket but she refused to take it and said that was a little present she and her mother were making me for being so nice to them and had saved them so much on duty on their trunks that I was entitled to it. She said they had plenty of money and would not miss it. Three or four weeks previously to this Mrs. Hill asked me to go with her to see Prof. Burns who is a hand reader. I accepted the invitation and that evening we went to his office. Nothing would do but she had to

have my hand read. I never was much on any of this kind of stuff but to please her I went in the private room and sat down and he took my hand and examined it about ten minutes and then commenced: "You are a married man and have a family of five children, four girls and one boy, your youngest are twins and you can hardly tell them apart; your wife is a small woman but she is a real mother; she is dark complected and has black hair; your oldest daughter is dark with a very heavy head of hair, in fact she can sit on her hair; she is taller than her mother; the next younger is a little smaller than her sister, her hair is not as dark as her sister's but very heavy and she is the home girl and is very much interested in her school work; your son is a good stout healthy boy about five feet eight inches tall and weighs about one hundred and forty pounds, he is a very bright boy; your twin daughters are a wonder, they are dark complected, have long black hair, grey eyes, one of them has an eye that is a greenish color and looks much like you and their mother can hardly tell them apart; your business here is some secret work and you are having considerable trouble but will be successful in the end and will get straightened out and will get a reward for your trouble; you are also having trouble

with two men at home; they are trying to give you the worst of it while you are gone; they are connected in some way with your business and when you arrive home there will be a big row between the three of you but you will win out; you are a man of very good judgment and if you will follow your own judgment you will always be a success."

I want to say if some one had knocked me down I would not have been any more surprised as he told me everything almost as well as I could have told it myself; now I had never seen or heard of this man before but he went on to explain to me how he did this work; every line in the palm of your hand denotes something and he even told me my exact age. I then told him my business and he said he could make out it was secret work and that was all that he could make out. I told him his work was wonderful, he had told as much about myself and family as I could have told myself.

I sure played a good joke on myself when I started home with my prisoner; I went over the Grand Trunk to Chicago and we crossed the line into the United States and the inspector came aboard and I had left my grip open as most of them do so he would not have to wake me up. I had two quarts of Canadian Club and I had opened them and took



a drink out of each of them and I had some cloth for my wife and the girls and a present for the boy and I had laid in some clothes for myself but had them all a few days before starting; everything passed but the material for the dresses and I had a receipted bill from the Eaton Department Store where I had bought them and my warrant from President Roosevelt for the prisoner and when he woke me up and wanted duty for the cloth to the amount of fifteen dollars I showed them to him and he said he did not care who I was or where I came from, he wanted fifteen dollars and if I did not pay he would seize the goods and I got sore and he said the goods were worth more than the bill showed so I told him to take the goods and show them but if he did not send them to the collector at Des Moines I would take it up with President Roosevelt, so when I arrived home with the prisoner, I went next door to see the collector and told him how the collector had acted after I had showed him the bill from Eaton & Co. Well, he let me off for \$5.50 and he reported that the inspector had been fired. I convicted Speigle and he was sentenced to 10 years in the penitentiary and died there a few years afterward. As soon as he was convicted I went to the Clerk of the Court and got a certificate showing he



had been convicted and sentenced and mailed it to the Board of Underwriters of New York and about three days afterwards I received a draft for five hundred dollars. I went to the bank and had it cashed and it made a roll about all I could hold. I put it in my pocket and went to headquarters and went into the chief's office and Ed Johnston was in there with the Chief. I pulled out the roll and shook it under their noses and I said, "There is the five hundred you two tried to steal. Now let me tell you something, if you had been honest and behaved yourself and been good fellows I intended to give you both a piece of this roll but as it is I would not even buy you a drink, you two thieving curs." I want to say that Johnston went so far as to go to the Daily Capitol newspaper and tell them that I had left my family and gone to a foreign country and would not return; my wife saw this next morning and called Johnston on the telephone and told him she would give him until the next morning to correct it and if he did not she would come down to headquarters and start something herself. And that afternoon he wrote an article stating that McNutt had been detained on a requisition fight but would be back in a few days with the prisoner.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE MURDER OF JOHN SMITH, THE OLDEST  
ENGINEER ON THE ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD.

His wife's name was Betsy and he had a daughter named Cora who was quite a good looking and a fine dresser and her mother and her put up a job to kill the old man by giving him poison in his coffee gradually. The old man had been on the sick list for some time before they commenced giving him the poison; they had been giving it to him about two weeks when they gave him the big dose that killed him and the doctor after making an examination told the coroner that he might have to hold a post mortem examination as he mistrusted everything was not right and so the Governor called a post mortem and when they had cut him open they found all kinds of arsenic in his stomach. The Governor called me in on the case and I went to work and I found he had a \$5,000.00 life insurance policy and afterward I found out that Cora and her mother killed him to get the life insurance, and had intended to go to California and have a good time. Betsy was as big a sport as Cora was and they used to entertain men at their

home when the old man was out on his work and were having a big time; well, when their trial came up Betsey saw we were going to convict her anyway so she took the whole thing on her shoulders and swore she had done the whole thing herself and that Cora had nothing to do with it and of course that cleared Cora and she was turned loose and her mother was given a life sentence. Cora went to Omaha after her mother was sent to prison and went in a sporting house and I never had given up the idea that Cora was as guilty as her mother so I had a friend of mine keep tab on her; he used to go down to the sporting house and jolly her along and she got to drinking pretty hard and one night when she was drunk she acknowledged to him that she had a hand in it and had given some of the poison herself and said she thought she was going crazy. She said it was on her mind all the time and she could not sleep that was why she had been drinking so hard. He wrote me the next day and told me just what she had said and how she had acted and I immediately procured a warrant for her and started for Omaha. I went down to the house where she was staying and went in and introduced myself to the landlady and she said Cora was awful drunk and she thought I had better come back about 5:00 P. M. and she

would try to sober her up but I said no I would take her with me whether drunk or sober. I was afraid she would try and get away and I knew if she did I would have a hard time catching her again, so I told her to send Cora in and let me talk to her. She said Cora was not dressed, that she only had her bathrobe on and I said I had seen many a woman undressed and that did not cut any figure so she went and got her and brought her in and Cora says, "Hello Chief, how are you? I am pretty drunk." "Well," I says, "Cora you should not drink so much, you are too young to go the route you are going, why don't you quit awhile?" "Can't do it Chief, I am too much worried," she says. I asked her what was worrying her and she told me she knew and that was enough so I told her she had better tell me all about it because I was always her friend, so she said that I had saved her from going to jail a great many times and that I was a good Chief but she didn't want to tell me what was worrying her. So I told her I might know more than she thought I did and I also told her I knew she had as much to do with the poisoning as her mother did and I told her she was going back to Des Moines with me and for her to sober up and quit drinking and not make a show of herself on the train. "All



right," she says, "Chief I will go anywhere with you, for do you know I like you and do you know why? I will tell you, never do let anything or anybody interfere with your business, and I advise a man like that, of course, I know it was your work that sent my mother to the pen, but you were only doing your duty, and I don't hold anything against you." I then pulled the warrant out of my pocket and read it to her and says, "Now Cora, you are my property until we arrive in Des Moines." "Well," she says, "I don't know of anyone I would rather go with and I give you my word I will sober up and be a lady on the train." And she could do that if she wanted to. "Well, chief come back to the room with me while I dress, as I know you do not want me out of your sight until we get to Des Moines." I answered, "All right and went to her room and read the paper until she dressed. I then said, "Cora you must eat something as I understand you have not eaten anything for two or three days and it will help you to sober up." She said, "I don't feel like eating." But I insisted and she finally said all right, so I ordered her some black coffee, soft boiled eggs and some buttered toast and she ate that and it soon sobered her up. So we sat around and talked until nearly train time. I then ordered



a hack and took her to the train and after we arrived this side of Council Bluffs, I said, "Now Cora I want you to tell me all about the whole business." So she said she and her mother were hitting booze pretty hard for some time and they made up their minds that the old man would not last very long and they had made up their minds to put him off watch with strychnine in his coffee and kill him, then take the \$5,000.00 at once and go to California and have a good time but they failed and she was ready to take her medicine and she was going to plead guilty and go down with her mother to prison.

And Cora said they had intended to collect the \$5,000 insurance and go to California and have a big time, but the coroner at the request of the attending physician called a post mortem examination, and after examining the stomach they found the old man had been poisoned with arsenic and we immediately arrested Cora and her mother and locked them up in the county jail. We tried the mother first and she was convicted and given a life sentence at the Animosa penitentiary. In the meantime when the evidence was being given in the court, Cora's mother saw that she was going to be convicted and she went on the stand and admitted to the Court

that she had done the poisoning and that Cora had nothing to do with it. I always thought that Cora had as much to do with it as her mother and about three months after the trial and her mother was sent to the penitentiary Cora went to Omaha and went into a sporting house. She got to drinking very heavily and one evening in Omaha a friend of mine was down to this place. He knew Cora before she went to Omaha and while she was living in Des Moines, and he saw that something was troubling her very much and knew something about this case and knowing that Cora had come clear, he immediately wrote me and told me how Cora had acted and what she had said to him the night she was drunk, and I write him immediately to keep as much track of her as he could and if anything occurred for him to wire me immediately. He went down to this house a few nights afterwards and Cora was drunk again, so he got to talking with her and she told him how she had escaped from the penitentiary, but the facts of the case were she had given part of the poison herself in coffee and that she was just as guilty as her mother.

He immediately wired me and told me what she had said and the next day I got a warrant and requisition papers from the Governor and started for Omaha.

I arrived there a little after noon and immediately went down and introduced myself to the landlady and asked her if Cora was in and she said she was but was pretty drunk yet, so I told her I wanted to see her and talk to her; I didn't care how drunk she was, I had seen her that way before, and I asked her to bring Cora in where I could talk to her. So she went back into another room, got Cora and brought her out and Cora was pretty drunk, but she recognized me as soon as I came into the room. She came over and shook hands with me and said, "How do you do, Chief. What are you doing out here?" I said, "Oh, I just happened to be in town and came down to see you, I heard you were here." The landlady then left the room and left us to ourselves, and I said to Cora: "Why don't you quit this drinking, Cora; don't you know you are killing yourself?" She said: "I can't help it, I am so worried I don't know what to do with myself." So I then said, "Well, Cora, the facts of the case are I have a warrant for you in my pocket for your arrest for helping to murder your father." And she said: "Well, Chief, I have been expecting this and it is no surprise to me." I said, "I have a witness that will testify that you told him that you had given part of this poison in your father's coffee. I want you

to sober up and get ready to go with me on the 5:30 train." She said: "Well, Chief, you have always treated me very kindly. I appreciate it and am ready to go any place you say." I said, "I want you to quit drinking now and sober up so you can go back like a lady and not be the attraction of the whole train when we get on the train." She said: "I will do that, and when I get back and get before the Court, I intend to plead guilty and take my sentence and go down where my mother is at Animosa, for I have not been able to eat or sleep for some time now and that was the reason I have been drinking so heavily; it worried the life out of me and when I get down there I think it will be some relief to me anyway." I stayed around with her until just before train time and I then ordered a hack and took her to the train and after we had gotten beyond Council Bluffs, Iowa, I said: "Cora, I want you to tell me now all about this from start to finish." She said: "All right, Chief, I will do so." She said she and her mother had been drinking and sporting for some time and that they had just about run out of money and they knew that the old man could not last very long so they concluded they would give him this arsenic in his coffee; and that the reason they did it was they wanted his \$5,000

insurance money and intende dto go west to California and have a big time, but the Coroner's action in ordering an autopsy on the body and then finding arsenic in the body, we knew then it was all off with us, so after mother was convicted I just went to Omaha and went in a sporting house to drown my troubles." We arrived in Des Moines all right, and I took her up to the county jail and locked her up. Her case came up for trial before the district court. She did as she said she would, pleaded guilty, and the Court sentenced her to life improsinment. A short time after her admittance to the penitentiary she took a lot of matches and cut the ends off that had the brimstone on and put the min a cup of water, let them dissolve and drank the contents and it did as she intended, it killed her and she was buried in the penitentiary. Her mother, after 14 years in the penitentiary, was paroled on account of her health, but they never got the insurance money that the old man was carrying on himself.



## CHAPTER IX

And now, my dear readers, I will give you a history of the first case of arson that ever was convicted in Polk county.

A man by the name of Charles Speigle was running a fur store over 605 W. Walnut street, and had a very heavy insurance on his stock. He stole all the goods out of the rooms at night, saturated rags with kerosene and set fire to them, thinking the building would burn down and would leave no trace of the stock, and that he could then collect the insurance on the same. But we happened to discover the fire immediately after he had started it, and we found a couple of witnesses that saw him carrying the goods out and had seen him make a run from the building after he had set fire to the rags. Someone immediately called the fire department and there were two departments within three blocks of where the building was. They got there and got the fire out before it had burned very much and I went up to the firemen to make an examination and we discovered the stock of goods had all been removed and had saturated the goods with kerosene in order to burn up the building. The next morning I pro-

ceeded to hunt Speigle up and place him under arrest. The court put his bond at \$1,000 cash and a pawnbroker by the name of B. Seigle put up the bond and got him released. A few days after that I discovered that Speigle had jumped the country and I immediately got out circulars giving descriptions in full and Bertillion measurements. A few weeks after that I got a letter from Chief Deverreau of New York City saying that Speigle had been there and they had only missed him 24 hours; that he had left for Toronto, Canada, and that I had better wire Inspector Black of Toronto immediately. So I wired Black at once, referred to circular I had sent him with a description and all, and two days after I got a wire from Inspector Black stating he had Speigle under arrest. I wired back and told him to hold Speigle at all hazards; that I would get extradition papers and come at once on first train. It took me all that day to get my papers ready as it was an international affair and we had to get our warrant from President Roosevelt, who was then President, and I finally got them ready and thought we had them all satisfactory, with the assistance of the Prosecuting Attorney, and we mailed the papers that night to Washington, D. C. I went on the Great Western road to Chicago and there I took the Grand Cen-

tral to Buffalo, N. Y., and then went across the bay in a boat to Toronto. I was pretty tired when I got there but immediately went to police headquarters and saw Inspector Black and he turned one of his detectives over to me with instructions to stay with me and see that I had a good time while waiting for my papers.

Well, we certainly had a good time. He took me down to Phil Best's—it was a club room for all the manufacturers in the manufacturing district. He introduced me to a great many of the manufacturers and they all seemed to try to make it very pleasant for me all evening. I went and procured rooms at the Queens hotel after starting to find a hotel after we got through with the bunch at the club rooms, and I procured a room there for as long as I was detained in Toronto. The hotel was run by Dick Dissette, who was the backer of Jake Gaddeur, the champion oarsman of Canada, and a very good sport at that. Dick was a member of the best club in Toronto, known as the Beefsteak club and we used to go up there and play billiards and pool when we had nothing around the hotel to do. A few days after I arrived at the hotel a widow lady and her mother arrived from Pittsburg, Pa. Her name was Mrs. Hill. I got acquainted with them and we were

the only Americans stopping at this hotel, and became very good friends. The old lady was quite old and did not go around much so the daughter and I were together a great deal, she was there laying in a wardrobe to take home with her and we were watching the sale of which they had three days a week at the Eaton department store, and by watching those sales we could buy goods for 1-4 what we could in the United States. Well she bought enough wardrobe and stuff to fill four large trunks and as I had nothing else to do during the day after I had appeared in court at ten o'clock we used to take in the races and see some of the best steeplechase running I ever witnessed. One evening she asked me if I wouldn't accompany her up to Professor Burns' office, who was known as the greatest reader of hands that there was in the country anywhere, and on arriving there (she had been there once before) she introduced me and did not tell him anything about me, where I was from or anything of the kind. After we arrived nothing would do but what I must have my fortune told the same as she. I told her I didn't believe in that kind of "junk" but I would take one chance even if it killed me, so I went into the private room with the professor; and he took my hand and examined it for about



ten minutes. He then said "Mr. McNutt, you are a married man and have five children, four of whom are daughters and one son. Your youngest are twins and look so much alike you can hardly tell them apart yourself. He said: Your wife is small, dark complected, with dark eyes, and he went on and described the children as exact as I could. He then said, "You are here on some secret mission, your business I cannot exactly make out. You are having trouble here in court over someone and you are going to win out in the end. In the meantime you have two enemies at your home town that are trying in every way to give you the worst of it while you are in Canada." A few days after having the sitting with Burns I received a wire from my wife and a copy of an article printed in the Daily Capital of Des Moines saying I had left the country for good and had gone to some foreign country and that I had left my wife and children and would not return again to Des Moines. My wife after reading the article went to the telephone and called up Ed Johnstone. Johnstone, by the way, was in my department and had been trying for years to beat me out of my job as Chief and get it himself. Before leaving Des Moines, or in other words the morning that I received the telegram from Inspector



Black saying that he had Speigle under arrest, when I went down the next morning Archie Christie who was desk sergeant said to me, "Mac, did you know you had received a telegram from Inspector Black of Toronto?" I haid, "No, but I will bet that he has got that Jew Speigle for me." He said, "Yes, he has and Chief of Police Johnson took your telegram and opened it and called Ed Johnstone and told him to take the telegram and go get the extradition papers and he could go on the trip." They knew there was a reward of \$500 on Speigle and they had got their heads together and were trying to beat me out of the case so that they could get the reward. So I immediately went into Chief Johnson's office and demanded the telegram and he said he had turned it over to Johnstone with instructions for him to go to Toronto on the case. I said, "What right have you in the first place to take my telegrams and open them as you know you have nothing to do with my department in any shape or form, and you know it is the understanding between the Mayor, yourself and me when I accepted the position of Chief of Detectives that you were not to interfere with my department in any shape or form and you know that Itold the Mayor that was the only way I would accept the posi-

tion as Chief of Detectives and you know that he agreed at that time that you and him would keep hands off in my department. Now I know what you are up to Johnstone, you and Ed are trying to steal the \$500 reward offered by the Board of Underwriters of New York City. You and Johnstone have got your heads together and are trying to beat me out of that reward, which you will never do." I then asked him where Johnstone was and he said he had gone to the court house to get out the requisition papers. I immediately started for the court house and met Johnstone in front of the Kirkwood hotel and I said to him, "Ed, where is that telegram that Chief Johnson gave you." He said, "I have it here in my pocket." I said, "Give me my telegram and you take charge of the office while I am absent." "Well, he said, the chief of police told me to get the requisition papers and go after Speigle and I said, "Who is your chief, Johnson or me?" "Well," he said, you are, of course." And I told him, "You obey my orders or take your star off and quit right here." He handed me the telegram and I told him to go back to the office and take charge until I came back, and I immediately proceeded and got the papers all fixed up with the assistance of the County Attorney and the

Governor of Iowa and mailed the papers up that afternoon to President Roosevelt, at Washington, D. C. And I took the Great Western road and went to Chicago on the Grand Trunk, from there to Buffalo and from there I took a boat and went across the bay to Toronto. About four days after I arrived in Toronto my papers came from Washington again, with a warrant from the President authorizing me to take this man back to Iowa. I then went before the Court at Toronto where I had been fighting the prisoner who was trying to get out on a habeas corpus, and the Jews in Toronto had taken up a collection for him to help defray his expenses. I had to fight Speigle through four different courts before I got the court to turn him over to me. The papers, of course, had to go to Quebec and the President sent them immediately to Quebec with instructions that if the requisition was granted by Canada to mail the papers to me at Toronto in care of the Queens hotel. In the mean time my attorney's bill had run up to \$175, my stenographer's bill to \$45 and my hotel bill to \$87. I was so near out of money at this time with all these bills to pay that I only had \$2.00 left in my pocket at that time. I came down to breakfast that morning and Mrs. Hill and her mother were

there, and by the way they were wealthy people getting their monthly installment from Drexel Morgan & Co., and money was really no object to them. So after breakfast Mrs. Hill and I were standing talking and she said, "Let me straighten that tie out for you." She untied my tie and retied it. I then went up to my room to shave. I reached in my vest pocket for a toothpick and found a roll of money instead of a toothpick. I knew immediately where it had come from and went down to Mrs. Hill's room and called her out and said what do you mean by putting that money in my pocket. And she said "I have been talking with our landlord and he told me the trouble you were having and I told mother we would help you out, so that was the reason I placed the \$100 in your pocket. Now we want you to stay, you have been so successful in your fight, and get your prisoner and take him back. If you need any money just let me know, we will never miss it. If you ever get able to pay it back all right." I then immediately went to the telegraph office and wired B. Seigle who had put up this cash money for bond to wire me at once \$350.00 or I would leave that night without the prisoner, which would of course, stick him the \$1,000 he had already put up. I



then went to the hotel Disette and I played a game of billiards. About an hour afterwards I got word to come immediately to the telegraph office and I went down and the money was there, so I was feeling pretty good. I immediately went down and paid my attorney and stenographer and went back to the hotel and paid my hotel bill, and that day the court had remanded the prisoner to me to take back to Iowa and here's where the joke comes in on me. Hre. Hill had made up her mind to leave the next morning for Pittsburg, Pa., and was very much worried for fear she would have to pay duty on all the goods she had been buying there in Toronto and she had four large trunks packed full. So I said to her. "Now I am very well acquainted with the American inspector down at the depot and will go down and see if we can't have those trunks checked without opening them and examining them," and the inspector said he would do that for me. She had the trunks all ready and I had them sent down to the depot, checked and sealed the trunks and they went thru without any inspection whatever. She told me the duty would have amounted to over \$500, which I had saved. And in the meantime while accompanying her in the buying trip I had been buying a few articles



and had them in my grip and was going to go out that night with the prisoner. We got to Windsor and the inspector came aboard the train and I along with the other passengers had left my grip unlocked so he wouldn't have to tarry, waking me up and inspecting the grip, but he woke me up and said, "Young man you will have to pay duty on these goods." "All right, sir," I said, "here are my receipted goods on Eaton & Co. showing just what I paid for the goods, if you want to collect duty on the goods for what I paid for them all right I will pay it," but he said, "The valuation you have placed on them is not anywhere near what is right." And I said, "Do you mean to insinuate I am a liar and did not pay that?" He said, "We often have that put up on us, Eaton & Co. make a bill out for whatever you say." I said, "I am not in the habit of doing that, you take the goods and shove them but forward them to the inspector at Des Moines, Iowa, and I will settle with him." So he seized the goods and sent them on to Des Moines for collection and as soon as I arrived at Des Moines I went to the collector's office and explained the situation to him, showed him the bills from Eaton & Co., told him what the inspector had said and he said, "Well, you will have to pay

on the bill that you received from Eaton & Co. and I will take their receipted bill for it." That is what the inspector at Windsor should have done, that was his instructions. I will take the matter up with the President and explain to him the whole case and I think he will fire this inspector." In about two months he met me on the street and told me the inspector had lost his job. I convicted Speigle and he was sent up for twelve years and served about three years and died in the penitentiary. As soon as I convicted Speigle, I went to the Clerk of the Court and got a certificate stating Speigle had been convicted and sentenced to twelve years and sent it to the Board of Underwriters of New York, who had a standing offer for five hundred dollars for any one convicting a man on the charge of arson. I mailed them the certificate and in a few days I received a draft for five hundred dollars. I went to the bank and had it cashed and told the teller to give me two hundred in small bills and I did not care what he gave me for the balance. Well, it made a roll I could hardly reach around and I went to the office and Ed Johnston and the Chief of Police were both in the Chief's office. I went in and closed the door and this was what I had been waiting for. I said, "Gentle-

men, I have you both just where I want you." I pulled out the roll and said, "Here is the five hundred you tried to steal. You have done everything you could to hurt my reputation before the citizens of Des Moines. Chief, you have been working with Ed in all his dirty work and you have both done everything you could to get my job so you could have Ed appointed. Ed has been trying to be Chief of Detectives ever since I was appointed Chief under Mayor Hillis but has never been able to get it and Chief, you have been helping Ed ever since you were appointed Chief of Police. I have known it all the time and have always been able to check you in every dirty deal you have tried. Now I am getting tired of this and it is going to stop right here and now or you will both answer to me. The dirtiest trick you ever did was when you wrote that article in the Capitol saying I had left the country and secured a job in some foreign country and had deserted my family and would not return to Des Moines, but you quickly went to the Capitol and made the correction after my wife had called you down and told you where to get off at. I ought to have you arrested right now for slander and all this after what I have done for you. Do you remember, Ed, the time Mayor Macvifar caught you

taking bribe money and fired you and I went to the Mayor and begged him to give you another chance, and I took off my badge and pulled out my keys and threw them on the table and he said, 'What is that for?' and I said, if you will give Ed another chance I will see that nothing of this kind ever happens again; if you don't Mr. Mayor, here is my badge and keys and I will resign now." The Mayor looked at me and said, "Do you mean that, George?" I said, "I certainly do." And he said, "Well, I don't want to lose you but I will not have that kind of work going on under my administration and will not have it. You can tell Johnston I will give him one more chance but the first time I catch him in a crooked deal, off comes his head." Do you remember the time you went to Bill Reily and told him a lot of dirty lies and tried to make trouble between him and me?" Now your dirty work ends right here and if it don't, I will give you the worst licking you ever had in your life. Now, if you two had done what is right, I intended to give you both a piece of this but now since you have been so dirty and mean about it, I would not even buy you a drink out of it, you dirty curs."

Well, I did not have much trouble with them after that and now my dear readers, I will tell you



how I came to introduce the Bertillion system of measurements into Des Moines.

I was down to Chicago and George M. Partens was at the head of the system in Chicago, he was afterwards made Chief of the system with headquarters at Chicago. He said to me, "Mac, why don't you introduce this system in Des Moines? You cannot afford to be without it." He showed me how they measured them and it made quite a hit so when I went home I went before the city council and got them to appropriate one hundred and fifty dollars which they did and then went to Chicago and stayed there two weeks with Mr. Partens and became quite proficient in measuring. I then taught Ed Johnston how to measure and now my dear readers I will explain to you how we measure under the Bertillion system.

You take the prisoner into the measuring room and make him take off his coat, hat and shoes. We then measure the head, length and breadth of right ear, then the right fore-arm and middle finger and little finger, then the left foot. We then take a description of all marks, scars, tattoo marks and measure them and describe them and where located. We also take the color of the hair and eyes or any peculiar disfiguring of the limbs or hands. We take



them to the photographer and have their picture taken. We have a special card printed and place the photograph in the center and put the measurements around the outside and back.

We always make two pictures, one for our own gallery and one for the National Bureau of identification, which I think is at Washington, D. C., at present, but used to be at Chicago, Ill. At that time they were not using the finger print system, but I understand that it has been very successful, there is no criminal on earth that can get away from vertillin system. I remember one time we arrested a fellow that came from Chicago, on a charge of burglary. He denied his identity, so I measured and photographed him, sent a copy to the National Bureau and they sent me word who this man was and said he done time at Joliet, Ill., and told who he was and the charge against him, and the court had given him five years for that time, and we sent him up for five years from Des Moines, and after he was convicted he admitted that he was the man and says there is no use to try to get away from it.

## CHAPTER X

Now my dear readers I will try and give you a little information as to the effects of dirty politics and how they work on a police department. As soon as a new man is elected, the mayor in nine cases out of ten point some one for chief of police that has never had any experience in police work and how is he going to instruct a police department and not know anything about it himself. A man who is appointed chief of police should be a man who has worked his way up from patrolman to chief of police through all the branches, sergeant and captain and should be able to tell his men himself as to what to do in case of trouble of any kind. He would then know just how to instruct his men, how to handle them in case of emergency, but police work is just the same as any other work. More you work at it the more proficient you become, the more valuable you will become to the city, and every police department should be under a civil service so that the politicians and grafters could have nothing to do with it, now while they have to work under some political grafter they never know wehere they are at and know what to do for if someone gets into trouble

and he knows enough to convict them they will send some political grafter who has a pull to you and notify you that if you go on the stand and testify against it and do they will get your job and the officer generally keeps his hands off, and especially has an officer over him that has a political pull you can never have a good police until you put them under civil service, where, when any one reports that you have done so and so, you have the right to go before the civil service commission and have a fair trial and you know you are going to have justice done you, you can tell them all to go straight up and do their work for you know you have some one helping you that will see that you get justice. Now at Des Moines we were not under civil service for a good many years, but we were going to have a civil service there. So I brought the matter up one night at roll call of police and explained to the boys what advantage it would be to them and asked them to take a vote and one member of this department to go with me before the Legislature and get a bill passed placing us all under civil service and were to place firemen in the same bill. They appointed Sergeant Thomas Denham to go with me and we worked for three months to get the bill passed and we only had two majority but that was enough.

Then the boys knew as long as they did their duty they were all right and could hld their jobs as long as they wanted to, and after twenty-two years service they could retire with half salary pension as long as they lived. We then all pulled together and worked hard and we soon cleaned the city up, and that is the only way you can ever get a good department.

I will now proceed to give my readers some of the rottenness of politics in the largest cities, and why the cities should be under civil service and as I am now living in Kansas City I may as well commence here. In the first place the Democrat party here is so rotten it smells and all over the country and it's such men as Bulger who has been shown up the public for years as stealing from half the country and cities. Why did he return the thirty-five hundred dollars of the road contracts? He knew he had stolen that money and knew if he did not return this he was staring the penitentiary in the face and it is my opinion he should have been there years ago. There is Pendergrast and Shannon, two of the most rotten politicians in Kansas City. Mr. Bulger how much benefit did you receive out of the colored boys home and a great many more crooked deals you have been in. Then there is ex-alderman Sanford who was president of the Kansas City Cola



company and Bob Phelan, who was vice-president. I want to ask you gentlemen what became of all the money you took in for the sale of the stock in the K. C. Cola Co. I was told by your manager just before I quit selling stock and you both know I sold more stock while I was working for you than any other man you had, and drew more commission than any other man you had in the business. I know, you know how much I was selling for Bob Phelan had to sign all the checks and your manager told me at the time I went to work that you were more than making expenses with the plant at that time. He also told me you had sold two hundred and eighty dollars worth of stock and you had spent about thirty in advertising, now where did the rest of that money go? A short time after I quit you went into the hands of the receiver and the plant was sold and everything sold for fifty thousand. Now where did all the rest of that money go if you two were not grafting? I suppose Sanford learned the business when he was grafting with that circus years ago and he still keeps is up in the coal business. Under my contract with you people I was to have twenty per cent for selling stock and ten per cent for selling extract and syrup and on all I was to have nine and a half per cent. You know when



I placed the contract from the Grier & Company eating house and news agent people I went to Minneapolis and met their head man and took a sample of our syrup and there were four of the officers of the company and mixed them a drink of our syrup and then immediately made a verbal contract with them to furnish them about twelve car loads a month or about one hundred and forty car loads a year at one sixty-five per gallon and the cars would hold about fifty barrels. They took me to their plant at Minneapolis and then insisted that I go to Chiupewa Falls, Wis. and inspect their bottling plant, which I did and found one of the best up-to-date plants I had ver seen. I then came back to Kansas City and made my report to the company and thew made out a contract and sent one of your men up to have it signed. A few weeks after the contract was signed you made your first shipment and when I went into the office on 12th & McGee Streets and asked the manager how much syrup you had shipped to Glick Company he said barrels. Well I knew that was a dirty lie, so I went to the general freight office of C. R. & P. R. R. and goth an order for the agent to the chief clerk at the freight house to give me a list of the shipments that the K. C. Cola company had made to Grier & Company at

Minneapolis. So the clerk found they had shipped seven barrels at one time, nine at another, eleven at another and thirteen at another time, making a total of forty barrels, so I wanted to know what their game was and I went back to the office I drew twenty-five dollars on account and thought I would see what their game was. I had to go back to Des Moines on some business and when I came back to Kansas City, the K. C. Cola Company was in the hands of the receiver and I lost all my interest in the company and have never received a cent from them since and never expect to, while Phelan and Sanders made all kinds of money out of it. I have mentioned this case just to show the people of this city was worked as well as outside of their official business as they are in it. I was selling stock one day and was in a joint on Baltimore. I had just sold some stock to the proprietor and his bar tender, in walked one of the police inspectors and a captain and ordered a drink of whisky and then another drink. The inspector threw down a five-dollar bill and they gave him back the dollars.

And now, Mr. Bob Phelan, you remember the day that the taxicab driver came to your office with me and I reported to you that the driver had agreed to take me to Thirty-first and Main Street for \$1.50. On returning downtown he demanded that I pay

him \$3.50, and because I refused he ordered me to go to the station with him and to your office. You will remember you first took the driver into your office and in a few minutes he came out with you and you said to me, "McNutt, if you are ever brought in to me again by a taxi driver I shall certainly lock you up." And I says to you, "Chief Phelan, I thought it was your business to look after these crooked taxi drivers. What is your object in defending them instead of a citizen whom they have tried to rob, and has done it with a threat that if I don't pay the bill he will take me down to Chief Phelan, the chief of detectives? Now any time you want to arrest me go to it. And I will make an exposure of your department that will not please you in the least." I was selling stock at this time for the company of which Phelan was vice-president, and that is the Kansas City Cola Co. Now if this driver was not standin gin with Phelan, and he taking a rake-off, I can't understand why he jumped onto me and released the driver. On Decoration Day I was out to Swope Park, and met an old policeman who had been on the department for a good many years. We got to talking about the crookedness of the department and he told me of a sergeant that had been on the departmen tfor some time. This sergeant had been brought before the higher officers three

different times. They had caught him in the act of taking bribes. That he had been laid off a few days each time and then reinstated. That a short while ago with a higher officer knowing all this, they had appointed him lieutenant of police. And that was his reward for being crooked. Now I could sit here and tell you of case after case that the department has fallen down on. One case especially I will mention that happened on last Sunday evening, June 16th. John Monnehan had been up to 48th and Prospect and had taken a roll of bills out of his pocket to pay for something he had bought there and the parties must have seen him with the roll of bills and followed him home. He waited until Monnehan had gone in the house and pulled a knife and demanded the money. Monnehan put up a hard fight, and the robber cut him across the abdomen and they had to take him to the hospital to sew it up. Last night I was told he was in very bad condition. Now there is more robberies and hold-ups and booze-selling in Kansas City today than there has been for many a year. The worst trouble with Kansas City today is that the police department is composed of men controlled by politicians. And you will never have any department as long as your Chief of Police and the other officers of the force allow the politicians to run their busi-



ness. We went through this whole thing in Des Moines, Iowa, and I finally made up my mind to go before the Legislature and have a civil service law enacted. I brought the matter up one night at police roll call, and they voted unanimously to have me go to the Capitol and put in my time, and they would furnish one man which they did, Sergeant Denham. He and myself then took the matter up and worked for two months before the Legislature and committees for cities and towns. We checked our forces up for the bill and found that we only had a majority of two in favor of the bill. We also found that members of the Legislature from the cities and towns were all in favor of the bill. But the members from the country and the small towns were mostly against it. Not seeming to understand the benefits that could be derived from a bill of that kind. The bill came up the next morning for roll call and we carried it through by two majority. And that was the best thing that ever happened to Des Moines. The men all seemed to take an interest in their business from that time on and knew that they all had an equal chance for promotion, if they attended to their business and worked hard for the department and the city.

We soon had one of the best departments in the country for its size and it was no time at all until



we had the city as clean as a whistle. And we kept it that way for a good many years. One year I distinctly remember there was only two burglaries for that year, and the city then had a population of 75,000. That included the State Fair which was always held at Des Moines, commencing the latter part of August, and on the three big days they always had an attendance of from 60,000 to 100,000 people. Now I account for that from the fact that the crooks soon learned that the department was under civil service and that the thieves and cut-throats dared not go to an officer with a threat that if he didn't let up on that case they would have him fired from the department, which had been done many a time previous. Now your department here in Kansas City is run by the influence of crooked aldermen, bootleggers, and criminals of all kinds. Now don't understand me in saying that there are no honest men on the department, as good as there are anywhere in the country. Honest and conscientious in trying to do their duty. But the influences held over their heads by a certain element is such that it is impossible for them to make headway. There was a while that Des Moines was almost as crooked as Kansas City. And Chicago is just as bad as Kansas City. Milwaukee has always been a clean city since Chief Jensen took charge of the department about twenty-five

years ago. Minneapolis was a very clean town under James Doyle. John O'Connor of St. Paul has always kept his city clean and at the same time there was more good crooks living in St. Paul than in any other city in the country. The reason of that is that O'Connor allowed them to live in St. Paul as long as they did not do any of their crooked work in St. Paul. Omaha has always been considered a very tough city, and I know from my own experience that it deserved that reputation, although Chief Donahue was always a very good chief. Denver, Colorado, always had a good reputation as long as Chief Seavey was chief. Kansas City, under John Hays, whom I considered one of the best chiefs of police, was always kept very clean as long as Hays was chief. And St. Louis was better controlled while John Campbell was chief of police, and William Desmond, chief of detectives. These two men had been with the St. Louis department for twenty-three years and had been promoted time after time and went from patrolmen to Chiefs. Now I have known these two men personally for a great many years. I have gotten a number of prisoners for them at Des Moines, and they have gotten a great many more for me at St. Louis. I had attended the Chiefs' convention a number of times with them, and I found that they were about as well known and well

liked and had the reputation of being two of the best officers in the country. James Neilan of Sioux City, Iowa, was another good chief, but his department was rotten up to the time we got the bill through the Legislature putting us all under civil service. But there had always been too much politics in Sioux City, and the department had always been run by the politicians, and the influence of the crooks and gamblers. William Davenport, who was Sheriff for four years, was a very clever little fellow, and a smart officer, but like the police department he was under the influence of politicians and grafters. Chicago at that time was about as crooked as they made them. Harrison was mayor and Joe Kipley was chief of police. I was very well acquainted with all the Chicago department and have seen some very funny grafting done by the police department right in my presence. I remember one night in Chicago I was going down the street with two of the detectives and we were going out for a little time, and one of the boys said, "I'm pretty nearly all in financially, and will have to make a touch." We were walking down State Street and a couple of sporting women came along. One of the boys said, "Well here's where I get some spending money. He walked up to them and spoke to them and shook hands to took them off to one side and

talked with them a few minutes and came back to us, and said, "They were easy, see what I have to spend tonight." He opened his hand and showed two twenty-dollar bills. I said to them, "Boys, isn't that pretty raw?" and they said, "No, we're used to that; whenever we are short we just grab some sporting woman and make a touch."

## CHAPTER XI

Now there was old Phil Deits of Cincinnati, who was known as one of the best old chiefs in the United States. And a man that always kept his city clean and all the crooks knew that they could not operate around Cincinnati as long as the old man was chief. While, if I remember right, Cincinnati's department was under civil service at that time. Then there was Roger Omara of Pittsburgh who was chief of detectives, who was known as one of the best detectives in the country. I am not so well acquainted with the police department of Pittsburgh as I was with the detective department. I was acquainted with Chief Devereau of New York City, and O'Brien, Chief of Detectives. They were both under Teddy Roosevelt when he was police commissioner of New York. And Williams was Inspector. New York at that time had a very good police department. I know when we held our convention there I met a great many of the captains and sergeants of the New York department for the department certainly entertained us great while we were in New York City. They chartered the largest excursion boat in New York, The City of Mexico, and took us on a trip up the Hudson River, then



back down the Hudson and away out in the bay, where they gave us an exhibition drill of their fire boats which was very interesting, and something some of us from the inland cities had never seen before. The next day Robert Pinkerton took us all out to the races, and we spent a very enjoyable day out at the race track. The following day they gave us a parade of all the police department that could be excused from duty and the night men were included in the parade. They turned out over seven thousand policemen in uniform, and they were as fine a looking body of men as I ever saw in a parade. There are very few of the New York department that are under six feet tall. All fine, well looking fellows, and they marched sixteen abreast. Their lines were kept just as straight and they were just as well drilled as any military body I ever saw on parade, but we all know that the New York police department has been for years under the control of the Democratic politicians of New York City.

I could go on and cite you case after case of police departments that if it was not for politics would make good departments, but the politicians have too much control over the departments to do good work. In my experience I consider that politics today is the curse of the country, and that we must get out from under it if we expect to have police depart-

ments that will be effective and will do their duty. I think Kansas City, while Chief Edwards was chief, was making great improvements in the department. While not personally acquainted with Chief Edwards I kept close watch of his work in the papers and believe that he was a good, conscientious man. And if he had been given a chance and been taken out from under the influence of the politicians would have made Kansas City a very good Chief of Police. And so on you will find it with all the departments in the United States. The two years that I put in with the Wallace-Hagenback circus gave me more chance to get acquainted with the different departments throughout the United States than I had ever dreamed of getting before. As we made a different city every day, we made as high as twenty-eight different states in one season, and there was only about tight states in the union that we did not make in the two years that I was with the circus. I had a great chance to observe the different departments and took advantage of making inquiries as to how the different departments were run, and as to what percent the politicians and grafters had over the different departments. I made up my mind that about 80 percent of all the departments in the United States were under the influence of the politicians, crooks and gamblers. I want to state here that we

had one of our Chiefs' conventions at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and were very highly entertained by Chief Hill of Chattanooga. His department there was run entirely by Chief Hill, and that the grafters and politicians did not run that department, and Hill had a very good department and the city of Chattanooga was kept very clean and we thoroughly enjoyed the trips that the Chief made arrangements for to the National Burying Ground and Lookout Mountain.

I will have to tell you a good little joke on a little part of fourteen. When our busses and carriages arrived at the bottom of the mountain after going all over Mission Ridge and the National Cemetery. There are thirty-five thousand Union men buried there that were killed in one battle. We made a trip of about twenty-five miles and landed at the foot of Lookout Mountain. The cars there go to the top of the mountain with cable, and the bottom of the cars are made with steps so you cannot slide out, and when the car gets near the top you are standing nearly on end. I saw many of those old chiefs turn pale as we approached the top, and after arriving at the top Pinkerton had picked out a bunch of us to go with him. There was about fourteen of us to inspect the top. So we started and walged about two miles around the mountain

and came to one of those mountain inns that you sometimes read about. It was all in one room and it is about 40 feet long and through the center of the room there is a table made of rough boards and a bench on each side, made of rough boards. And a pile of tin cups on the table. Pinkerton said, "Now boys, I will be back in about fifteen minutes; make yourselves at home." And so in about that time he came back and had with him an old mountaineer with long white whiskers and a two-gallon jug in each hand. They were filled with moonshine whiskey, and he served out a drink for each one of us, and he waited a little while and poured out another. None of us had ever been up against moonshine whiskey before. After we had taken the second drink some of the boys began to feel pretty good. We started and went down on chute No. 2 and everybody was singing and hollering and having a good time. And we had a very pleasant time while we were in Chattanooga. We all started for home that night. We had a special train to St. Louis, and took the Wabash from there to Des Moines.



## CHAPTER XII

This is a case of the State of Iowa against Vernon Wilson for a charge of embezzlement. Vernon was a young boy of about 19 and was employed by the Harbach & Sons, wholesale manufacturers of furniture, and also had a large retain store. Vernon used to go to the bank and make the deposits, and he skipped out one night with three hundred dollars of the firm's money. The Harbach's notified me about the case and I took hold of it and sent circulars all over the country and we finally located him in Los Angeles, California. The Chief at Los Angeles wired me a short time after that he had Vernon under arrest and to come at once. I got my papers out immediately and took them to the Governor of Iowa and had him sign them. I mailed them that night to the Governor of California who resided at Sacramento, with instructions to forward them at once to Los Angeles in care of the police department, and when I arrived they were there all right. The Chief told his driver to take me out and show me some of the city. It was in May and the flowers were all in full bloom, and some of those residences were certainly beautiful. We drove around awhile, and then he took me up to see the Chinese quarters and we



went all through them and I certainly saw some great sights. In the Masonic Temple the furniture was all ebony and two hundred years old, and lots of other stuff that was all new to me and very interesting. Well I went into court the next morning and the prisoner was remanded to me, and that day we took in some of the business section, and the big wine rooms, and at that time you could get any good wine for five cents a drink. I met some old friends of mine and we had a very nice time. That evening we started for Des Moines over the Santa Fe and had a very nice trip. After arriving home we tried Wilson and he was convicted and given three years at Fort Madison Penitentiary.

The next is the State of Iowa versus Al Mickle. Al Mickle was a bookkeeper for the Mott Grain Co. at Des Moines, Iowa. He had been stealing money for some time before they discovered it. Mickle skipped out all of a sudden and was traveling all over the country. I got track of him at several different places but it was too late to get him. I sent circulars all over the country and one of them I sent to La Salle, Illinois. It seems as though Mickle was pretty well acquainted at this place and he had quite a number of friends there and the chief one day got a tip that Al Mickle was in the city and was staying with his brother. The Chief immediately sent two

men down to the house to catch him, and Mickie who was always on the lookout saw the officers coming and ran and jumped over a fence. Upon lighting he sprained his ankle quite bad, but he started to run and gave the police a chase for two or three blocks before they got him. They finally got him and locked him up in the jail and held him until I arrived at La Salle. I had to wait a day or two for my requisition papers to come from the Governor of Illinois. The Chief told me they had a pretty hard time capturing Mickie and had to throw the gun on him before he would give up. As soon as my papers came I started back to Des Moines with him and we arrived safely in Des Moines. We arraigned him before the court and the trial was put off for one week and after the week was up he was tried and convicted and given a sentence of six years in the Iowa Reformatory at Anamosa.

## CHAPTER XIII

The next important case we mad was the State of Iowa against Henry Grey on a charge of murder in the first degree for killing an unknown man who was standing on the corner of Seventh and Walnut in front of the Harris-Emery Department Store. It seems as though Grey had been drinking that day. It was during our State Fair, and he walked up to this man and they talked a few minutes, and finally Grey pulled out a knife and stabbed him to death. This happened about six o'clock, and myself and most of my men were still out at the fair grounds. And when we came in in the evening they told us about this murder case, and I took John Tbin and Bill McGrath of Chicago, and Chas. Sanderson and George Brian of Kansas City, and Sweeney of St. Paul, and Ed. Johnstone of my department and we started out and one of the parties who had seen this murder told us that Grey was the man that had done the stabbing. We finally located Grey's home at Ninth and Grand Aevnue. We went up there, surrounded the house and searched it and learned from one of the neighbors that he had been there but had left a short time before we arrived and had gone to one of his relatives who lived a few blovks away.

We then proceeded to that place and searched the house while the rest of us stayed outside. There were quite a number of shade trees there which made it quite dark in the back yard and John Tobin of Chicago was with me and we came in from the alley into the back yard and we heard some people talking under the shade trees and we went over and threw our flashlights on the parties and it was Grey and two or three lady friends of his who were out there trying to talk to him and console him in his trouble. We arrested him and took him to the station and he was afterward tried and convicted and was given seven years in the pen, and they made the case out, or tried to, make it a case of manslaughter. The court did finally make some changes in the instructions to the jury, and they brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter.

## CHAPTER XIV

The next—the State of Iowa versus Harry Levitch and John Walker. Levitch was a Jew and Walker a negro. It seems as though Levitch was in the bond business at police court, and Ike Finklestein was in the same business. They had been quarreling and fighting for some time. One day I was walking down Court Avenue and Levitch was standing in front of a saloon and I came up to stand and talk with him a few minutes, and while we were talking this negro John Walker came up and passed us on the sidewalk, and Levitch said to me: “Mac, there is the nigger that I have hired to give Finklestein a good licking.” Walker went on up to the corner and stopped and pretty soon a pretty good looking negro girl came along and Levitch said to me, “There is Walker’s lover, what do you think of him, don’t you think he can give that damn Jew a good trimming from the looks of him?” I said, “Well, he looks as though he ought to.” And I walked on down the street and came up the other side and came on into the office. At that time I was acting as Desk Sergeant in the office under James Brenton, who had a short time before been elected mayor. And in the meantime had appointed another fellow by



the name of James Maitland as Chief of Detectives, after having promised it to me again, after he was elected. So this had been the third or fourth murder case we had had since Brenton had been elected mayor and none of them had been solved since that time. Fred Brackett had been appointed Chief of Police and he and Brenton were up at the Elk's club room about twelve o'clock that night, and Brenton called me up on the telephone and ordered me to come up to the Elk's at once. I said, "I cannot do it just now, Mayor, as there is no one in the office to take my place." So he said, "Lock the damned office up and come up anyway." And a few minutes after one of the boys came in and I told him to take care of the office until I came back. I went up to the Elk's and called the Mayor and Chief of Police out and asked them what they wanted of me. The mayor said, "Mac, I want you to let that office take care of itself, and take care of the Finklestein murder case. The citizens are giving me hell on every corner for not catching some of these murderers. I want you to take the case because I think you can work it out." I said, "Well, mayor, I will not do it. You have appointed a man as Chief of Detectives, that because he had blowed around that he was a great cowboy out west and doing detective work, you thought that you had a real chief of detectives. But

as long as he is chief, I positively refuse to have anything to do with the case." "Well," he said, "you can either take the case or quit." "Well," I said, "if that's the way you feel about it, I will take the case, for I have spent all the money I had to help make you mayor, and I have something to take care of my family on." So I said, "Will you go with me, Mayor, if I will start on the case immediately?" So I said, "You are too fat to walk so you order a hack, and I will meet you down at the foot of the stairs." He returned to the foot of the stairs with the hack. I gave the driver orders to drive to East Fifth and Walnut. And there we got out of the hack and I told the driver to wait a few minutes until we returned. I went right up to Levitch's room and he was there in bed, and when we went up and knocked at the door, he got up and came to the door in his nightgown. I said, "Get your clothes on and come and go with me." He said, "What for?" I said, "We will tell you all about that after we get to the station." We arrived at the station and I told the night captain to lock him up and hold him till the next morning. I then took Brenton and we went all over the White Chapel district. We tried to locate Walker, and when the other police came to report at two o'clock I had the desk sergeant to advise all the men on their beats to arrest John Walker

and to bring him in immediately. About three o'clock Railroad Marshall James Paige ran against Walker and brought him into the station. While Brenton could not understand how I could go out and arrest these men so quick and still have the right men, and I never told him where I got my tip from. I then went to work then to work up the evidence on the case so I would be sure to have enough evidence to convict them when the case came up in court, and I ran up against a sporting woman who was running the house in one of the buildings Harry Levitch owned. Her name was Bertha Offal. She said that the night of the murder she was sitting in her upstairs window at the back of the house, and Levitch was giving Walker instructions as to the time Finklestein generally went home and what route he took. And that Levitch had told her that he had a man that was going to give Finklestein a good beating, so she said she wanted to see the fun, and herself and one of the girls started to go up there. She lived on East Fouth Street between Court Avenue and Walnut Street. She said her and her girl went up to Fourth Street and over to Locust and they thought they needed a little something to brace up their courage with so they went into Johnson's Drug Store and bought a half pint of whiskey. They then went up Locust Street to Seventh, down Seventh

to Walnut, and crossed over and got under a big elm tree that stood on the south side of Walnut Street so they could keep out of sight, and they had not been there but a little while when Finklestein came along on the north side of Walnut Street. As he got to the alley the nigger jumped out and struck him with a hickory wagon spoke. The nigger was a big powerful man, and struck him harder than he intended. He broke Finklestein's skull and he dropped over dead. Bertha said they were so scared when they saw that Walker had killed him that they ran down Court Avenue to Fourth and from there ran home. Well, we indicted both of them before the Grand jury and tried Walker first. We convicted him on on a charge of manslaughter and the court gave him nine years in the penitentiary at Ft. Madison. Levitch's trial was put off for about two months, and he had communicated with a very wealthy uncle of his in New York City, whom they claimed was worth over a million dollars. When he arrived in Des Moines from New York he made the remark to a friend of mine, who afterwards told me about it, that Harry would never be convicted if money could save him. They had some twenty-five or thirty witnesses, and everyone of them was in the pay of Harry's uncle besides drawing their witness pay from the state. Harry afterward told

me about himself after he had been turned loose. He said that it had cost the old man a great deal of money, but that he would have spent a hundred thousand dollars before he would have seen him convicted. Harry was released by the jury which we were all satisfied had been bought off.



## CHAPTER XV

This is a little incident in the life of one known throughout the country as "Old Bill Traylor." Bill was one of the most noted "Gold Brick" men in the United States. He had gotten up to the time of this story in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars selling gold bricks. And most always it was a banker or some big business man that he had sold the gold bricks to. I had never seen Traylor up to this time, but I had a good description and photograph of him in my photograph gallery. I went up town one morning and dropped into a saloon across the street from the Kirkwood Hotel, known as the Crystal Palace. There were three men drinking wine at the other end of the bar. I took a drink and two out of the three were Des Moines men who I knew quite well, and they were both grafters, and I said, "Who is your friend." And he answered that is Mr. Taylor of Taylor Bros. Whiskey. I then said, "Can't you introduce me to your friend?" And he said, "Yes," and he took me down and introduced me to him and said he was Mr. Taylor of New York. I immediately recognized him from the description and photograph I had of him down at the gallery. I said, "Well, there isn't very

much difference between your assumed name and your real name." I said, "I recognized you immediately from the photograph I had as being 'Old Bill' Traylor, the Gold Brick man." "Well," he said, "I guess you have me so I had just as well admit it." I said, "What is your business here, Mr. Traylor, and how long do you expect to remain in the city?" He said, "Only a day or two, as I have to meet a friend of mine in Davenport, Iowa, and I have run short of money and have written him to send me some money immediately. I expect an answer tomorrow." He asked me to have a drink with him, which I did. He then said, "Chief, I owe a three days' hotel bill at the Savery, and I want to go to Davenport tomorrow, and I've got enough money with me to take me to Davenport and won't you go with me to the hotel and explain matters to them?" I told him that I would, so I went over to the hotel and saw the landlord and told how this man was fixed and that I believed that he would send the money as soon as he got to Davenport, and to show him that I believed he would, I told him that I would stand good for the bill in case he did not pay it. They agreed to let him go, and so a few days after that a friend of mine came through Davenport and met Traylor and told him that he was going to Milwaukee the next morning. So this

friend came on to Des Moines that night, and told me of meeting Trailor in Davenport the next morning, and I knew immediately that he intended to beat me if he could. I went down to the telegraph office and wired Chief Jensen of Milwaukee as follows: Arrest Bill Trailor on charge of jumping hotel bill at Des Moines. Left Davenport this morning. Hold him and wire me. The next morning I got a telegram from Chief Jensen saying that he had Trailor under arrest and asking for further instructions. I went up and consulted the hotel and they said they did not care to go to the expense of bringing him back, so I wired Jensen again to put a charge of vagrancy against him and have the court give him thirty days in the workhouse. Which they did. Trailor afterward met a friend of mine at Chicago and was telling him how I got back at him, and he said, "I'll bet I'll never try to hand Chief McNutt another package as long as I live. Furthermore, I will keep away from Des Moines." And that was the last I ever heard of "Old Bill" Trailor the Gold Brick man.

## CHAPTER XVI

We will now take up the case of the State of Iowa against Barnie Hammil, George Weams and Johnnie Krout for the murder of Conductor Redpath of the Great Western R. R., who was well known at Kansas City and all points along the Great Western road. It seems as though Redpath had started to take his train out, bound for Kansas City. He liked on W. Third Street, near Crocker. He went down to Third Street on the east side of the street, and just before he came to the Garfield school house there was a very large elm tree which shaded the sidewalk and as he got up to the tree, two fellows stepped out and ordered him to hold up his hands. He refused and put up a fight. John Hammil shot him under the chin which came out the back of his head. It killed him instantly. I was over at my mother's home with my wife, and the horse and buggy. And as usual I always stopped at the station before going home, to see if there was anything special to look after. As I pulled up in front of the station the wagon man, William Skinner, came out of the door, and saw me and said, "Chief, Conductor Redpath has just been murdered around on Third Street by the Garfield school house." I told my wife to go on home with



Skinner, and he can bring the buggy back here in case I need it, which she did. I then took hold of the case myself, and I found out that a friend of mine by the name of Clark and his best girl were coming down on the opposite side of the street when Hammil shot Redpath. They gave us a very good description of the two fellows, but as these fellows had never been enaged in this kind of work before it was pretty hard for us to figure out who they were. It went on for about forty hours after the murder had been committed, before we got any lead on the case at all. I was going down the street when I met a barber who was a friend of mine, and he said, "Mac, how are you coming out on the Redpath murder case?" I said, "Why, Billy, to tell the truth we haven't even got a start on it at the present time, but we are very anxious to get some kind of a lead, and we are willing to investigate anything that there is any chance for us to get some kind of a lead." So he said, "Well, Mac, I don't know whether there is anything to this or not, but it might be well for you to investigate." I said, "Let her go and I know who you are referring to and I will take it up and see what there is to it." So he said there was a young fellow boarding over at the same boarding house where he was at, and the night of the murder he came home quite late and seemed to be very much



put out over something. He had talked some with the landlady and she had not told him very much of what Krout had told her. He thought if I would go over and interview the old lady I could get some very valuable information. So I went over and told her who I was and had quite a chat with her, and I asked her if she ever drank any beer, and she said she did sometimes. So I says, "will you drink a bottle with me if I go down and get it?" She said she would. I immediately went down to obtain six bottles of beer. I went back up to the house and I think we had drank about four bottles when she began to get quite talkative, and I then asked her how Johnnie had acted that night when he came home and she told me, and seemed willing to give me all the information that she could, and finally said to me, "Chief, I believe if you will go get Johnnie and give him a good talking to you will get some information that will be very valuable to you." Well, I started out and finally located Johnnie over on the west side of the river, at a livery stable on West Locust Street, between Third and Fourth St. I went up to him and said, "Johnnie, consider yourself under arrest and come and go with me." "Why," he said, "what have I done that you should arrest me, and on what charge?" I said, "Never mind, Johnnie, we will talk that over when we get

to the station." We went down to the station, and I took him up to my room and gave him what we call the third degree for about two hours, and I at last broke him down. He admitted of being with the fellows that had committed the crime, but that he had not any other part in it. He said that himself, Bernie Hammil and George Weams had got together on the east side of the river and had started over to White Chapel, a part of the city where all the sporting houses were located at that time. He said they walked down West Third Street until they came to the White Chapel then went one block west to Fourth Street, then north on Fourth Ctdeet to Center Street. They then went east to Third Street and there Johnnie said his courage failed him as they saw Conductor Redpath coming down the street, and Hammil said, "There comes our man now." Hammil and Weams crossed the street and went south until they cam eto this big tree. They stepped behind the tree so that Redpath could not see them, and they both grabbed their guns, and jumped out and covered him. Redpath was a very game fellow, and instead of putting up his hands as he should have done after seeing they had the drop on him, he started to put up a fight. As he did that Hammil shot, the ball hitting him under the chin and coming out through the back of his head. They then went

through Redpath's pockets and took what money he had and ran down the street. Krout was so scared that he did not know what to do. He said he went down to the livery stable and stayed there until about eleven o'clock. And then went over to his boarding house. But he said he felt blue and probably showed it over at the boarding house and that is probably why I got the tip that he was connected with the murder. "Well, Johnnie, it don't matter where I got the information. If you can show me that you did not have anything to do with killing Redpath, I will give you a chance to turn state's evidence and get out of this scrape. Otherwise I shall have to hold you for murder in the first degree. I asked him if he would make a statement in writing or let me make it in writing and swear to it in the presence of witnesses. He said he would, and I immediately drew up the statement, and let him read it over, and he said, "Yes, these are the facts, I will sign it," which he did, and I had it witnessed. I then asked him where he thought I could locate the other two. And he said, "Really, Mac, I don't know, but I do know they are with some grading gang out in the northwest part of town. I knew Mike King, the contractor, who by the way, used to be an alderman in Des Moines, had a contract out in the northwest part of town, but I did not know just where.

I immediately went up to his house and asked his wife where they were working and she said they were out on 20th and Washington. Well, I went over to the station and got my horse and buggy and took one of my men, Detective James Bane, in the buggy with me, and we proceeded to go out to 20th and Washington. As we pulled up where they were unloading the wagons, Hammil came up with a load on his wagon, and commenced dumping, I went over and said, "Hello, Barney, how long have you been out here?" "Oh," he said, "a few weeks, I have been here since they started." "Barney," I said, "somebody has filed information against you down at the office, and I have a warrant here for your arrest. I don't think there is anything to it, but at the same time you will have to go down before the court and answer to this charge. He said, "Must I go now, or can I go home and change my clothes?" "You cannot go home and change your clothes." So I made him get in the buggy and I called Bane off to one side and said, "Now you stay here and if Weams comes up you grab him and hold him until I get back. I will be right back as soon as I get this one in jail." So I proceeded to drive to the station with one hand, and the other hand I held my gun thinking this fellow might get next to what was going on, and might put up a fight rather than to



be taken. Well I landed him all right, and went right back to get Bane and to see if we could not find Weams, and I had not been there but a very few minutes until I saw Weams driving down toward the dump, and I immediately told Bane to get out of sight, that if Weams saw us he was liable to make a run on us. And sure enough he saw us, and at the time he saw us he was right on top of a big fill they had just made, and he jumped out of the wagon and throwed the lines and started and ran down the embankment. I told Bane to take care of the horse and I would follow him wherever he went until I got him. This fill that they had made in the road was right across a part of Four-Mile Creek which ran west of Des Moines out toward Adel, Iowa, which was twenty-five miles away. Weams lived at Adel with his father and mother. I got up through the timber as far as Valley Junction which was six miles where the Rock Island shops were located. I went to a telephone in Eddy Adams saloon and called up the Sheriff of Dallas county who was a particular friend of mine and told him I had a warrant of arrest for George Weams on a charge of murder in the first degree. I told him I thought from the way he was going when I last saw him he would probably reach Adel about 2:15, so it turned out I had only missed my guess fifteen minutes for the



Sheriff's two deputies went right down to the house and waited until he came. They arrested him and took him over to the jail and the Sheriff wired me that he had him and would bring him down himself that evening, and would get to the police station about ten o'clock. Well, he came down, and as it happened Cora and Betsy Smith were in the jail at the time for killing Mike Smith who was Betsy's husband and Cora's father. We had fourteen parties in the jail at that time on the charge of murder and the railroad men were so worked up that they gathered a mob of probably four or five thousand people and demanded the prisoners from the city jail, and we told them we had slipped the prisoners away and had taken them to Ft. Madison for safe keeping, and somebody hollered, "Boys, I believe they have them in the county jail." So the mob started for the county jail. In the meantime we had transferred part of our city department to the county jail and I got all our men we had at the station together and started them up the alley to beat the crowd to the jail, with instructions to report to the sheriff and give him all the assistance they could in keeping the crowd out. I then sent my four assistants out among the crowd with instructions to tell them that we had already taken the prisoners to Ft. Madison in an automobile and that they were

nearly there by this time. In the meantime we had placed the five parties we had arrested for the murders of Smith and Redpath in the strong cell, known as the St. Louis cell. We had about twenty policemen, eight deputy sheriffs, and five detectives inside the courthouse on guard. But the crowd finally believed the men I had sent among them and dispersed. In the meantime the Sheriff from Adel had left his prisoner with his deputies up on the street knowing that nobody would recognize him until the crowd had left. We then took Weams to the county jail, and locked him up with the rest, only in separate cells. The next morning I sent two of my men up and got Weams and brought him down to my office and proceeded to obtain a confession from him, the same as I had Johnnie Krout. Using Krout's confession to show him that we had him stuck anyway. Weams then admitted that what Krout had said in his confession was true, and I indorsed the confession and had Weams sign it. I then sent Weams back to the county jail and brought Hammil down and worked on him about three hours but he stood pat, denied the whole thing, and we could not do anything with him. So I then proceeded to go home and get some rest as I had been on the case for fifty-six hours and had not had my clothes off or a wink of sleep, and was

completely tired out. We tried Weams and Hammil for murder in the first degree, and with Kruot's testimony, we convicted them of murder in the first degree, and the court sentenced them to be hung. The next meeting of the legislature, the Governor commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Hammil went crazy in the Ft. Madison penitentiary and was transferred to the Insane Department at Anamosa. He died there. After serving seventeen yars, Weams finally, with the help of his father, who was an old soldier, and had a great many personal friends at Adel and Des Moines, prevailed on the committee of pardons to parole Weams on good behavior. In the meantime, they had been before the legislature four different times, trying to have the two of them paroled, and each time I had gone before the committee and prevailed on them not to parole them, as I thought a crime of that character that they should serve their life sentence. In the meantime the widow Redpath had married the second time, and they had prevailed on her to sign a letter asking the Governor to parole them. I then gave it up myself, because I thought if she was foolish enough to sign a letter of that kind under the circumstances I would have nothing more to do with the case, which I did not.

## CHAPTER XVII

I will now give you a little history of the famous Prince gang, who were well known all over the United States as being one of the best gangs of safe blowers in the country. My first acquaintance with Charlie Prince, better known as Chuck Prince among the gang, was made in Des Moines. His wife introduced me in my office. She was the daughter of John McChristian. McChristian used to be in the hardware business on E. 5th St. in Des Moines. My wife used to go to school with her, and she told me that Nellie was always getting into trouble, and stealing something. Her father and mother were as nice an old couple as you would want to know, honest and respected by all who knew them. Nellie's father died and left her about \$75,000 worth of property. Nellie went to Chicago and got in with the worst gang of pickpockets and shoplifters there were in Chicago. Bob Roberts, better known as the "Gorilla" was at the head of this gang, and was about as smart a crook as they make them. He married Nellie and she became the Queen of the gang and when one of them got into trouble or in jail, Nell was the one who got them out. She and the "Gorilla" separated, and she married Charlie



Prince, and they came to Des Moines to live in one of her houses, and she brought Charlie up to my office and introduced him to me and said, "We are going to live in one of our houses, but we will never do any crooked work while we live here." And if they could help it they would not allow anyone else to do any. So I said, "Alright, Prince, as long as you behave yourself here, you are welcome to stay but the first bad break you make here it will be good-bye Prince and wife." Nellie was as good a shoplifter as there was in the country. She and Dora Donnigan and a woman they called May usually worked together. You bet they made a good trio. Their work was mostly sealskins and furs and they sure worked those department stores to a finish. Nellie told me that in one day they had gotten four sealskins from them, and a lot of other stuff besides. They used to go from one to the other of the big stores, and if any of them was caught the others would help to get them out. And once in awhile they would make a tour of other cities and send the goods back to Chicago to sell. I remember one time just before Christmas I was standing in front of Harris-Emery Co. store looking for thieves when in came Bob Roberts and he looked at me and came up and shook hands. He said, "What are you doing in here, Mac?" I said, "Protecting



this store, who have you got with you?" He said, "Nellie, Dora, and May." "Is there any chance to work a little here?" I said, "No." He said, "There is a piece of money in it for you if you will let us go." I said, "Nothing doing." Then he said, "How about Younger Bros.?" And I said, "Nothing doing anywhere in the city, so take your gang and get out of the city and don't come back here any more or with the intention of working any more while I am Chief, for the next time I will sure arrest you." I saw Prince a day or two after that and I said, "Charlie, why don't you settle down, or go into some business, you have money enough now to go into business and you have been pretty lucky and you had better quit now?" And he said, "I am going to quit after this trip." And I said, "Let the trip go and quit now." He said, "I must go this time." So he and Tom Good and Charlie Denny and Kid McMillan went together on the trip. It seems that Prince had an old sweetheart that was running a sporting house there and the boys all stopped off to have a good time and they went to her house and in the meantime the bell boy who was at the hotel where they were stopping happened to kick his foot against their grip and heard the tools rattle and went down and told the clerk and the clerk called in the police, and they opened the grip

and found they belonged to a gang of safe blowers. They opened them and examined them and found they contained a complete outfit for a gang of safe blowers. They took possession of them and took them to headquarters and in the meantime the Chief of Police whose name was Ahern called a half dozen of his men into the hotel and told them to stay around in the lobby and watch for the gang.

Tom Good was the first to get back uptown, and as he stepped off the car, he noticed that someone was watching him and he thought he would stall a little and see what the fellow was up to. So he stepped over in front of the window of one of the stores and looked in and at the same time watching the fellow and in the meantime made up his mind to take a street car and ride out to the park and ditch this fellow before he started to the hotel. But the fellow would not ditch and he rode up to street the hotel was on and got off the car and walked to the sidewalk and this fellow who was following him was the Chief of Detectives of Quincy, Ill. Good stepped onto the sidewalk and over to the store window and as he turned around the Chief of Detectives shot and killed him right on the sidewalk. The police took his body to the morgue and went back to the hotel to lay for the rest of the gang. Kid McMillan was the next one to come up and he

came in the hotel lobby and recognized five or six of the officers and started to go up the steps from the lobby. One of the police officers hollered for him to halt, he then started to run up the stairs and as he got on the first platform of the stairway the officer shot and hit him in the knee, but he was game and kept going. He ran on up to the fourth story and there they surrounded him and took him down and locked him up. They then went back to the hotel to wait for Prince. As he went in the hotel, and got in the lobby he saw about a dozen officers there, went into the bar and took a drink. He then turned and started for the back door on the run. When he seen the two officers there he turned and intended to make a run for it through the crowd and get out of the front door, but as he turned Chief Ahern pulled the trigger on him, and they had to take him to the morgue. About one year after that I was oven Canton, Ohio, settling an estate of my wife's when who should I see coming down the street but Kid McMillan. He came up and shook hands and said, "What are you doing here, Mac?" I told him I was settling an estate of my wife's and I said, "Where have you been since I last saw you kid?" He said, "I have been in stir over in Iowa for breaking in a postoffice." And I said, "How did you get out of the Quincy scrape?" He

said, "Some of my friends got me paroled and I went right back in southern Iowa doing a postoffice job and the night watch caught me and I was given five years and then my friends got me paroled again." "Kid," I said, "How was it about that case in Quincy?" And he told me the same story that I have told you. He was looking very thin as though he had been sick and he said he had been in the hospital for several months and came very near croaking. So he ordered another drink and he drank it and said that he would be back in Des Moines in a few weeks. Prince was brought back to Des Moines and buried there. The last I heard of Charlie Denny, the officers had caught him in some more work and he was doing a ten year stretch. Another one of the gang, old Tom Monahan, was also doing a term in the same prison with Denny. Then Big Al Rivers, another one of the gang went back to St. Paul his home town, and got a job at the Ryan hotel as house detective. Nellie Prince went back to Chicago and ran a rooming house there for awhile and then married another crook by the name of Tom Robinson, who was one of the worst crooks in the country and wasn't particular what kind of work he did, whether it was stealing diamonds, picking pockets, or anything else that came his way. Tom was



caught somewhere in Wisconsin and was given ten years.

The next will be a few remarks about Jimmy Bryan, one of the best pickpockets in the country. He always makes his headquarters in Chicago and takes his gang and goes all over the country. Jimmy used to make the state fair at Des Moines with his gang and we soon got next to them and arrested them three years in succession before they had a chance to do any work. They would go from Minneapolis to the state fair there. I don't know whether they were ever picked up at Minneapolis state fair or not but I knew Jim pretty well, and when I was with the Wallace circus I went up town with my partner one morning and we went into a saloon to get a drink and here was about thirty or forty men all laughing and talking and having a big time and as soon as we got in and saw who they were, we both throwed up our hands and began laughing and among the gang was Jimmy Bryan. The whole bunch were thieves and grafters and they had just left the carnival a few miles from the town they were showing. I have forgotten the name of the town, but my partner stepped up and bought drink for the whole crowd. We then corralled the whole bunch in the back end of the saloon and I said to them, "Now boys, we are not going to interfere



with your business only in this way, we don't allow any grafters or burglars or pickpockets to follow this show, I have kept the show clean since I joined it. No wyou know the Wallace show has always been friendly to you boyc and we are yet so we want you to lay off today from the graft and let us get out of here with a clean record. I want you to all come down and see the show this afternoon and come in a bunch and I will see that you have a good time and we'll have a little refreshments out at the grounds for you." So about one thirty o'clock down came the whole bunch. I took them all in the little joint we had behind the side show and gave them all a drink, then took them in and gave them all reserved seats and told them I would see them after the show was out. When the big show was out I went back and took them all to the concert and when the concert was out, I then took them back to the commissary department and bought them another drink and they all went back uptown and took trains in different directions for different shows they intended to follow. We never had a kick of any kind that day, noe even for a pocketbook. It goes to show you that a good thief's word is as good as a bond for they had all promised me that morning that nothing would come off that day and they kept their word.

## CHAPTER XVIII

The next case will be the state of Iowa against Fred Hull, wanted for embezzlement. I finally located him at Mannestee, Michigan. I got my requisition papers at Des Moines and went to Lansing, Michigan, the capitol and got my requisition signed by the governor and then started for a littel town way up in the woods of Michigan. I left Lansing in the morning about nine o'clock and this little town proved to be a switch station up in the woods without any depot, and when I arrived there about noon the thermometer showed 105 in the shade and it was so sultry in the timber that one could hardly breathe, and no place to get a drink of water. I finally met a man up there and made inquiries about Fred and he said he knew him and he had gone donw to Mannestee on the lake front the day before. Then I had to wait until about four o'clock to get a train to Mannestee. I arrived there about five o'clock hungry as a bear and dry as a fish. I went into a saloon and got a big mug of beer and a few sandwiches and then started out to look for my prisoner. I found him, arrested him on my warrant and left that evening on the boat that crossed over to Milwaukee. I handcuffed the prisoner to me and after we got on

the lake we caught a nice cool lake breeze and I don't know when I have ever enjoyed a night's sleep better than that, for the reason that I had been out in the hot sun and in that timber where I could not get a breath of air all day and was nearly all in when I got down to Mannestee. I took the train at Milwaukee, and came down to Chicago and then took the Northwestern train for Des Moines. We tried Fred and convicted him and he was given thre years in the penitentiary at Ft. Madison.

I will now tell you a little experience I had in looking up a witness in the Smith murder case in Des Moines. Charley Smith who was a chum of Betsey Smith's and sister of Cora Smith, knew more about the murder of his father, Mike Smith, than any of them, and we wanted to use hi mas a witness against Cora and Betsey. I heard he was in Chicago laying around one of the hop joints there, so I went to Chicago and tried to locate him. I had one the Chicago boys with me. I think it was Bert Cowdry. We started to take in the hop joints an dthe most of them were located in the basements of different business houses, and down on Clark street we went into one and Cowdry introduced me to the proprietor and told him we were looking for a party as a witness on a murder case. So we went in and

commenced to search the place and we found in one room as handsome and well built woman as I most ever saw. Bert introduced me to her and we sat and talked awhile and she ordered some beer for us, and Bert left me there to talk with her while he went through the rest of the rooms. She told me she was the wife of the manager of one of the big department stores. She had been out one night taking in the slums with some friends and they had got her to smoke a pipe of dope. She had got the appetite for it and could not get away from it. I then asked her if her husband knew if she was up against the dope and she said he di dnot. So she said that I looked pretty good to her and tried to make a date for me to meet her that night. But I told her that I was there after a witness in a murder case and this was Monday and I had to b eback in Des Moines by Wednesday and that I had no time to go out and have a good time. And I found out that a great many of the society women in Chicago were doing the same thing that she was, starting out slumming and then ending up in the hop joints.



## CHAPTER XIX

I will now tell you a little of the history of old Tom Dennison of Omaha who ran a big gambling house there and also a big saloon and who all the thieves in Omaha were paying a rake-off to for protection. Tom stood in with the thieves and the police, and when one of the thieves would be caught and brought into court. Tom was always the man who got them out, and who also bought all the goods the thieves stole, and principally diamonds and jewelry. As Tom stood in with an old Jew that ran the biggest pawnshop in Omaha he would buy all the jewelry and diamonds at almost nothing and then sell them to the Jew at a good profit. Tom had stood in with the police department of Omaha for a great many years and had run his gambling house and saloon. The saloon was known as the Budweiser and the gambling house was known as the Diamond, one of the biggest gambling houses in the country. I remember one time, when the Prince gang went into Omaha and robbed a big fur store, the party's name I have now forgotten, but they took all the furs such as sealskin coats, sealskin muffs and all the best furs that they had in the store. They had shipped them to Des Moines but



before the Omaha officers got next to who had done the work they had reshipped them to either Chicago or St. Louis. I had met some of Prince's St. Louis gang that ran a hotel there and have always thought that the goods were shipped to Prince's friends in St. Louis and that they sold them out in St. Louis. Anywoy they had in the meantime arrested Prince and Chas. Denny and Tom Monahan and charged them with robbing the store, but they could not locate the goods and did not have enough evidence without having the goods and therefore had to turn the mloose for lack of evidence. Whether Dennison had anything to do with that case or not I have never found out, but always thought he had. Prince admitted to me afterwards that he and his gang did get the goods.

## CHAPTER XX

The next will be the case of the state of Iowa against Bob O'Callagan for burglary. O'Callagan was the son of James O'Callagan of whom I have told my readers in one of the previous articles to this, whose father ran the booze joint at 606 W. Walnut street that had the well where they dumped the booze in when the officers would show up. Bob was a pretty .....

Ex-Mayor Barton, do you remember the farm that I bought from your friend the dentist in the Hipper Bldg. and how for several months you put off signing that bill? Do you know how much you beat me out of by not signing them and then you talk of being a man of honor. Barton, I think you are a rotten politician and I don't think you are on the square a little bit and as far as Miller was concerned he was as rotten as they make them and was a side partner of that boot-legging Sheriff Charles Severnde who stood in with all the boot-legging drug stores in the city and was taking bribes from all of them and Mr. Severude probably remembers the little set to we had in the sheriff's office in the presence of the county attorney and Superintendent Mil-

ler of the Safety Department when I told you where you got off at and what I would do to you if those places were not closed at once. You probably remember of going to the East Side and notifying all the boot-legging drug stores that was paying you graft money and at the same time Mr. Miller you went to all the gamblers and notified them to close until you could get me quieted down and that you could open up again and you know that I went before the Grand Jury and reported the names and locations of about 50 joints that were running at that time and you could look out the window of the sheriff's office and throw a stone and hit a gambling house that there had been \$10,000.00 in one night that change hands. Now, gentlemen, it was your duty as head of Public Safety and Sheriff to stop them if you were not taking graft money. Why did you let them run? There was Harry Frazee and John Ba rrackman and Harry Frazee's sister that I am told beat the city of \$175,000.00 and still you make a great blow that because of your not having enough policemen to patrol the city. If you had 200 more it would make no difference only make more expense for the city. Now I can prove every assertion I have made and you know I can and having such officers as that, it is no wonder the people think Des Moines on these statements alone convict

Miller and Barton of knowing nothing about police work and I will explain why a policeman in uniform is no good capturing crooks and for this reason a crook can see a uniform a block or two away and always disappears before the cop sees him. I would not give six good experienced detectives for all the rest of the force. That is nothing disparaging to the policeman for sometimes luck comes their way and they pick up a crook or two but generally they are more to look at and the good effect it has on the general effect it has on the general public for keeping down crime is wonderful. The police and detective departments must work together to make a good department and must let the police know they are there for that purpose. One is as important as the other in keeping the city clean.

But you must all work for the one point, that is the city's good and the city's interest. You can't scare a crook by letting him see a man in uniform. You must push your detectives out. Let them locate the crook dens. They should know where every crook is and his different lines of work so that when a job comes off you can line your detectives up, report to them the kind of work, the location and description if any, and all the little points that would probably help. Then the question is, do you or any of you know anyone who does this line of work

and if so, do you know where he stops and whether he is in town or not? Give us all any information you may know that will help us to discover who committed this crime. Your man in uniform is more to look at. Mr. Barton and Mr. Miller if you had any brains and were next to your business you could very easy see that but you both always have alibis. Mr. Barton, John McVicar is the only real Mayor we have had for years and he always had the city clean, and why?



---

(Newspaper Extract)

FORMER LOCAL CHIEF OF DETECTIVES  
WILL TELL GRAND JURY ABOUT IT.

*George McNutt, former chief of detectives, today will go before the Grand Jury to expose the alleged immoral conditions of Des Moines, he announced to a Tribune reporter last night.*

*"Marshall Miller in an interview suggested that I go before the Grand Jury and tell what I know. That was a bluff. I am going tomorrow," McNutt said last night.*

Stating that there was more crime in Des Moines now than there ever was before, McNutt said that conditions had come to such a point where it was necessary for the citizens to act for themselves.

"The police are in with these crooks. They refuse to aid Des Moines. It is only after a crime that they start to act. Then they act for a short

time and quit until they are forced to act again," McNutt said.

"I offered to clean up the city and Miller ridiculed my proposition. I am going to show the people of Des Moines I know what I am talking about.

"The streets are infested with street walkers, bootleggers, gamblers, and crooked taxicab drivers. They roam the streets at will and are not bothered by the police. It is a known fact that the city is 'open.' It is more so now than it ever was in the history of the city."

---

(Newspaper Extract)

CITY NEEDS MORE POLICE SAYS McNUTT.  
DECLARES FORCE INADEQUATE TO PRO-  
TECT RESIDENCES.

In commenting on the offer of George McNutt, former chief of detectives, to clean Des Moines of vice, Mayor H. H. Barton yesterday said anyone might make the same offer and actually succeed, given the requisite funds and police personnel.

"We need at least 35 more policemen," se stated. "Des Moines actually has no larger force than 25 years ago when there was no traffic problem. Besides, there are now three shifts, instead of two as formerly. With the heavy drain on police personnel because of the necessity of maintaining a traffic squad, it is not possible adequately to protect the residence districts."

*Cops' Beats Too Large*

This statement was in view of the fact that there is no policeman on duty east of 16th st. in East

Des Moines, either by day or night; that one officer protects South Des Moines at night and none in daytime; one is on duty at night in University Place, but none during the day, and one in the Highland Park district at night, but none in the daytime.

The policeman who patrols East Des Moines has the entire district from East Fifth St. to East Ninth and Hull Sts. Because of the physical impossibility of walking the entire "beat", he is forced to hit only the high spots, stopping at all business centers, and covering the remainder of the district on the street car.

*Patrolman Never Seen.*

He takes the East Sixth and Ninth Street car to the end of the line, stopping at all centers and trying the doors of business houses. He has not the time to waste on homes. Then he turns by way of the 1st St. car, doing likewise.

(Newspaper Extract)

## VICE CHARGE IS TAKEN TO GRAND JURY.

---

*County Attorney Rippey had a conference with McNutt this afternoon and arranged for McNutt's appearance before the grand jury. Rippey said he had intended to subpoena McNutt as a witness.*

---

"I will go before the Polk county grand jury to-day and tell them what I know about vice and crime which have been prevalent in Des Moines for the past eight months," said George McNutt, former chief of detectives.

In the Capital yesterday, ex-chief McNutt offered to post a forfeit of \$1,000 if he couldn't clean up Des Moines in six weeks. He called upon the city to post a similar amount.

All he asked was to be clothed with police pow-



ers and receive the salary of the chief of police while engaged in the cleaning up process.

When The Capital put the proposition up to Councilman Miller, the latter replied: "Let McNutt go before the grand jury with his evidence if he knows so much."

So McNutt says he will follow that course.

"Des Moines is 'open.' The streets are overflowing with bootleggers, gamblers, street walkers and men of suspicious character," McNutt says. "They stand in with the police."

"It's all bunk," said Marshall Miller today. "McNutt is too old to do anything like that, even if he knew anything about vice in the city." Chief Donoghue made no comment on McNutt's offer.

According to Arthur D. Freyer, secretary to the mayor, there have been periods of more than thirty days when this patrolman has not been seen at all in his neighborhood. This, he stated, was because it was physically impossible for the man to protect the

business interests and residences over the entire district.

Altogether, including patrolmen and detectives, chiefs and assistant chiefs of departments, there are 120 men on the force. So urgent, is the need of more policemen, Freyer said, that the traffic squad of the afternoon shift is called in after eight hours of duty; roll call is held, and they are sent out again to catch violators of the dimmer law and other automobile regulations.

## McNUTT FAILS TO APPEAR.

McNutt was to have appeared before the grand jury here yesterday to tell what he knows about the vice conditions here. The proceedings of this jury are held secret until indictments are returned.

"It is easy enough to criticise," Mayor Barton said, 'and constructive criticism is one of the ways to better conditions. But a better way would be the addition of of a great many more patrolmen. The outlying districts mus go practically unprotected. Most of the recent robberies and holdups have been along the roads leading out of Des Moines.









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: November 2015

**PreservationTechnologies**

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



